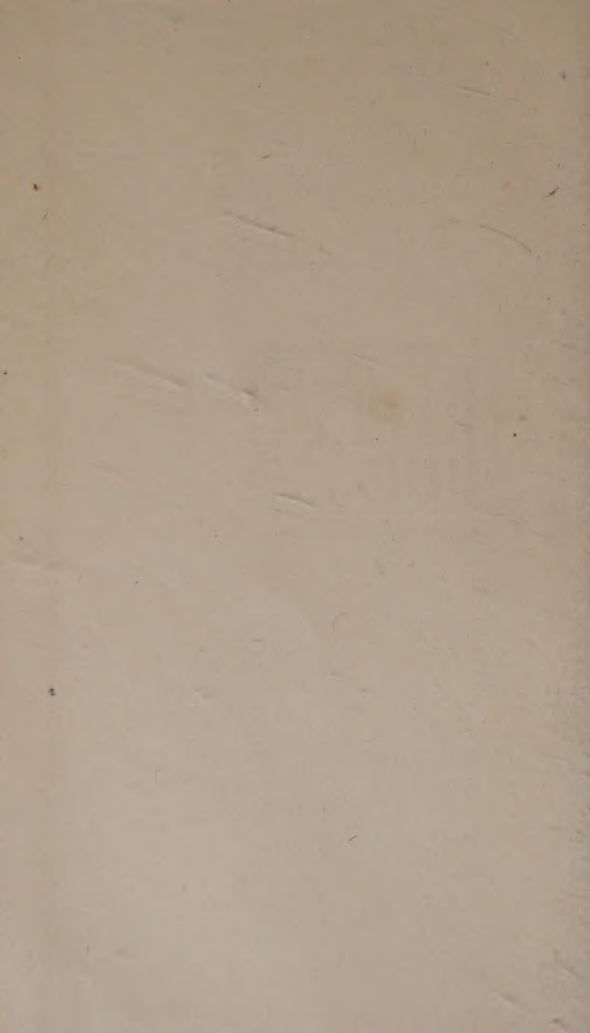
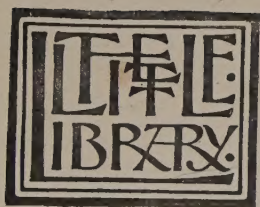


Alan Marshall

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G. F. Watts, R.A.

Death Crowning Innocence.

A LITTLE BOOK

OF

LIFE AND
DEATH

Selected and Arranged by

ELIZABETH WATERHOUSE

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

FROM A PAINTING

By G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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To A. W.

*Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And that Thy grace must give*

*If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?*

*Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by His door.*

*Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?*

*My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.*

RICHARD BAXTER

PREFACE

IN gathering together this little bundle of thoughts on Life of which we know so little, and Death of which we guess in vain, I have seldom gone to seek them for the purpose of this book, but have chiefly followed the pencil-marks and “dog’s-ears” of many happy years (may those not judge me hardly who love their books another way!). I hope they may not seem too incongruous in their unlikeness, and that some at least of my kind readers may recognise a hidden bond that binds them together.

The number of those to whom I owe thanks and acknowledgment is large, and to the pleasant task of paying these I must address myself.

First to the Authors, who have shown themselves most graciously generous—to Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. William Canton, Miss Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, the Rev. R. W. Corbet, Mr. Percy Dearmer, Mr. Edward Dowden, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Hamilton King, Mrs. Edward Liddell [C. C. Fraser-

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I have to acknowledge the kind permission of Mr. Shorthouse and Mr. Bernard Holland to use some of the thoughts of Molinos and Jacob Behmen, as selected and edited by them.

Among Publishers, I owe to Messrs. Macmillan the favour of being allowed to borrow from the poems of Matthew Arnold, of T. E. Brown, of Charles Kingsley, of James Russell Lowell, and of Christina Rossetti; from the *Trial and Death of Socrates*, by F. J. Church; the *Theologia Germanica*; and from *The Increasing Purpose*, by James Lane Allen. Also for confirming Mr. Rudyard Kipling's permission for a poem from the *Jungle Book*.

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Knowledge, for those from Christina Rossetti's *Verses*, and from *Hymns and Meditations*, by Anna Lætitia Waring; Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, for a passage from Dr. Alexander Whyte's *Appreciation of Jacob Behmen*; Messrs. Burns & Oates, for one from the *Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis*; Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, for one from M. Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis*; and Mr. David Douglas, for selections from *The Spiritual Order*, by Thomas Erskine of Linlathen.

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I have also to thank Mr. John Lane for permitting me to include parts of poems by Francis Thompson and Arthur Christopher Benson; Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., for poems by Robert Browning; and Mr. Fisher Unwin, for a poem by Madame Darmesteter.

To Mr. G. F. Watts I am indebted for kind permission to use as a Frontispiece his beautiful picture, "Death crowning Innocence"¹—"Our Sister Death," as I should like to call her.

My difficulty has been, among books so rich in beautiful thoughts as many of those from which I have gathered, to know when to restrain my hand, especially among those whose writers have long passed beyond the region of copy-right.

One book I long to include entire—the little volume of Meditations called *Manchester al Mondo*, written by an Earl of Manchester towards the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, who says: "When I was *occupatissimus*, I delighted myself with this comfort, that a time would come wherein I might live to myself, hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy myself at last—and this I am now come to—*Disponendo non mutando me*. The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wise Man, but the Watchword is given to all men—

*Sint lumbi præcincti,
Lucernæ ardentes,
Semper vigilantes.*

Lord, let me be found in this posture when I come to die."

His contemplations of Death and Immortality

¹ Photograph by F. Hollyer.

are so sweet, so tender, so eager, that they make his reader go about the summer world all a-tiptoe to spring upward, to spread wings and fly away into that other of which he tells—and then, calming down, the spirit just rests and rejoices in the abiding thought of It, shining behind all the visible life “like the stars behind the blue.”

It has been a sorrow to me not even to touch that great storehouse of high thought, the *Divina Commedia*, but no translation seems in any way able to set forth its treasures worthily.

I must not dwell longer on my sources, or I would speak of Tauler and of Penington, and Behmen and William Law, and many another ; to whom I shall be very happy if this little book may lead some readers.

Happier still if some hearts are cheered among the lengthening shadows, and even helped to see light across the River by any words that it contains.

E. W.

A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH

THE SHRINE

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
Was opened by the Hand of God ;
It stands serene, inviolate,
Though millions have its pavement trod ;
As fresh as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compass'd with the dust and toil
Of common days, yet should there fall
A single speck, a single soil,
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,
But once within the enchanted door,
The mists of time are backward rolled,
And creeds and ages are no more,
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet.

MOTHERHOOD

I enter ; all is simply fair,
Nor incense clouds, nor carven throne,
But in the fragrant morning air
A gentle lady sits alone ;
My mother—ah ! whom should I see
Within, save ever only thee ?

DIGBY MACKWORTH-DOLBEN

MY child is lying on my knees,
The signs of Heaven she reads :
My face is all the Heaven she sees—
Is all the Heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss.
If Heaven is in my face—
Behind it all is tenderness,
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood ;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak ;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls, doth lie
The Infinité of God.

If true to her, though dark with doubt
I cannot choose but be,
Thou, who dost see all round about,
Art surely true to me.

MOTHERHOOD

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife ;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a Life.

Hast Thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness around,
And hold me quietly on the lap
Of Love without a bound ?

And so I sit in Thy wide space,
My child upon my knee ;
She looketh up into my face,
And I look up to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD

DEEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above ;
Nought wakes, save grateful hearts, silently creeping
Up to their Lord in the might of their love.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I bring
Thee,
Odour, and light, and the magic of gold ;
Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must
sing Thee,
Limbs which must ache for Thee ere they grow
old.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I render,
Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love ;
Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above.

From the *Saint's Tragedy*—CHARLES KINGSLEY

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour ;
 Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space—
 Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
 All seasons could control ;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
 Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
 Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
 Then life and all shall cease.

MARY LAMB

FONDLY the wise man said that foolishness
In a child's heart was bound, and said the rod
Could perfect that which surelier one caress
Lays, love-baptized, before the feet of God.

And fondly he, the passionate saint who steeped
His virgin soul in Carthaginian mire,
Found in the weanling babe that laughed and leaped
Glad from its mother's arm, hate, spite and ire.

They erred. The child is, was, and still shall be,
The world's deliverer ; in his heart the springs
Of our salvation ever rise, and we
Mount on his innocence as on wings.

I, at the least, who knew and ever grieve
One little lovely soul, must so believe.

ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN

COME, then, as ever, like the Wind at morning !
Joyous, O Youth, in the aged world renew
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars, and clouds, light and the sacred dew.
The strong sun shines above thee :
That strength, that radiance bring !
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring ?

LAURENCE BINYON

GROWN UP

CHILD, child, child !
What have they done with thee ?
Where is the little child
Who laughed upon my knee ?

My son is straight and strong,
Ready of lip and limb ;
'Twas the dream of my whole life long
To bear a son like him.

He has griefs I cannot guess,
He has joys I cannot know :
I love him none the less ;
With a man it should be so.

But where, where, where
Is the child so dear to me,
With the silken-golden hair,
Who sobbed upon my knee ?

IT is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby
sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth
Mother and child, no more
We wander ; and no more the birth
Of me whom once you bore,
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed
of yore ;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and
tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the almighty
will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led ; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land :
Nor aught of all man's sons escapes from that
command.

.
And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing
trade ;

So like a sword the son shall roam,
On nobler missions sent ;
And as the smith remained at home,
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well
content.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE quarrel of the sparrows in the eaves,
The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
And the loud song of the ever singing leaves,
Had hid away earth's old and weary cry.

And then you came with those red mournful lips,
And with you came the whole of the world's
tears,
And all the sorrows of her labouring ships,
And all the burden of her myriad years.

And now the sparrows warring in the eaves,
The curd-pale moon, the white stars in the sky,
And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves,
Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry.

W. B. YEATS

SO sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old ;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

ROBERT BRIDGES

COME to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again ;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me deem it truth,
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say, " My love, why sufferest thou ? "

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again ;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

OF love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and break-
ing hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?

Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by
My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy
thoughts

Too sadly for thy peace, remand it thou
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,
If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams,
O might it come like one that looks content,
With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,
And point thee forward to a distant light,
Or seem to lift a burden from thy heart
And leave thee freer, till thou wake refresh'd
Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driven her plow of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

A FAREWELL

WITH all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.

My very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere.
So thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazed meet ;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

COVENTRY PATMORE

LOVE hath great store of sweetness, and 'tis
well ;

A moment's heaven pays back an age of hell :
All who have loved, be sure of this from me,
That to have touched one little ripple free
Of golden hair, or held a little hand
Very long since, is better than to stand
Rolled up in vestures stiff with golden thread,
Upon a throne o'er many a bowing head
Of adulators ; yea, and to have seen
Thy lady walking in a garden green,
Mid apple blossoms and green twisted boughs,
Along the golden gravel path, to house
Herself, where thou art watching far below,
Deep in thy bower impervious, even though
Thou never give her kisses after that,
Is sweeter than to never break the flat
Of thy soul's rising, like a river tide
That never foams ; yea, if thy lady chide
Cruelly thy service, and indeed becomes
A wretch, whose false eyes haunt thee in all rooms,
'Tis better so than never to have been
An hour in love ; than never to have seen
Thine own heart's worthiness to shrink and shake
Like silver quick, all for thy lady's sake,
Weighty with truth, with gentleness as bright.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

AND though the first sweet sting of love be past,
 The sweet that almost venom is; though
 youth

With tender and extravagant delight
 The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
 The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
 Pass off; there shall succeed a faithful peace;
 Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
 Durable from the daily dust of life.

And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,
 We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste
 To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.
 Then, though we must grow old, we shall grow
 old

Together, and he shall not greatly miss
 My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
 Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim:
 Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret
 The years that gently bend us to the ground,
 And gradually incline our face; that we
 Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,
 May curiously inspect our lasting home.
 But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,
 Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,
 And custom sweet of living side by side;
 And full of memories not unkindly glance
 Upon each other. Last we shall descend
 Into the natural ground—not without tears—

GROWING OLD TOGETHER 19

One must go first, ah God ! one must go first ;
After so long one blow for both were good ;
Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

O GOD, to Thee I yield
The gift Thou givest most precious, most
divine!
Yet to what field
I must resign
His little feet
That wont to be so fleet,
I muse. O, joy to think
On what soft brink
Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
On what empurpled hills
He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
And wonders, if his father sees him now!

T. E. BROWN

IF where thou walkest, dear, we too could walk,
Close in the footsteps of our little saint,
Now, on this earth ; and hear the angels talk,
Living this very life (without life's taint) ;

If where thou goest we could also go,
Calm in the heavenly places, waiting not
For death's enfranchisement to overthrow
The world in us, with every flaw and blot ;

If thy small hands that late were clasped in pain
Could clasp us every day to God and thee,
Drawing us childwards, heavenwards again,
By their mere whiteness, everlastingly—

Then, humbled and consoled by so much grace,
We might less hungrily desire thy face.

ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN

TOO soon, too soon comes Death to show
We love more deeply than we know !
The rain, that fell upon the height
Too gently to be called delight,
Within the dark vale reappears
As a wild cataract of tears ;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be !

COVENTRY PATMORE

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guessed ;

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THOUGH the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest. For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God, and was beloved of Him : so that living among sinners he was translated. Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. . . . He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.

This the people saw and understood it not . . . to what end the Lord hath set him in safety.

Wisdom of Solomon

THEY that love beyond the World cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can Spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle ; the Root and Record of their Friendship.

If Absence be not Death, neither is it theirs.

Death is but Crossing the World, as Friends do the Seas ; They live in one another still.

For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

In this Divine Glass they see Face to Face ; and their converse is Free, as well as Pure.

This is the Comfort of Friends, that though they may be said to Die, yet their Friendship and Society are, in the best Sense, ever present, because Immortal.

WILLIAM PENN

AND yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old ?
Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I hold ?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
 Thy love hath left in trust for me ?
And while in life's long afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are ;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

O LOVING Spirit, do not go !
 Thy presence is a precious thing ;
 It makes my tears more softly flow,
 And sweetens every song I sing.
 My heart with thy rejoicing fill,
 And bring me heavenly tidings still.

It soothes my soul to feel thee near,
 And I believe that thou wilt stay,—
 Because the Lord, thy life, is here,
 And He will never go away ;
 And blest will our communion be,
 With thee in Him, and Him in thee.

.
 Oft in my secret communings
 With thoughts of those who count thee dear,
 I speak to thee of many things
 That others would not care to hear ;
 Now that no pain thy love can share,
 I love to think that *thou* wilt care.

I hear thee in the song of birds,
 Thee in the gladdening flowers I see,
 And earth has music for the words
 That came to us from heaven through thee.
 Hope, joy, the good that God has willed,
 Thy hope confirmed, thy joy fulfilled.

28 UNSEEN COMPANIONS

I do not bid thee now farewell—

A prayer unmeet for life like thine ;
With thy beloved in heaven I dwell,

And thy beloved on earth are mine :
My heart with them, and theirs with thee,
How canst thou, dear one, distant be ?

We tarry still upon the road,

Our path goes on, we know not where ;
But God is always our abode,

And we are sure to meet thee there :
Our life His charge, our work His will,
To love thee is delightful still.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING

I WITH uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,

Who went, and who return not. Say not so !

We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exaltations blow !

For never shall their aureoled presence lack :

I see them muster in a gleaming row,

With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;

We find in our dull road their shining track :

In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,

Part of our life's unalterable good,

Of all our saintlier aspiration :

They come transfigured back,

Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the rays

Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

LORD, make me one with Thine own faithful
ones,

Thy Saints who love Thee and are loved by
Thee ;

Till the day break and till the shadows flee,
At one with them in alms and orisons ;

At one with him who toils and him who runs,
And him who yearns for union yet to be ;

At one with all who throng the crystal sea,
And wait the setting of our moons and suns.

Ah, my beloved ones gone on before,

Who looked not back with hand upon the plough !
If beautiful to me while still in sight,

How beautiful must be your aspects now ;

Your unknown, well-known aspects in that light
Which clouds shall never cloud for evermore !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent,—

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things :

THE HAPPY LIFE

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION

LORD, I on every day
With grateful heart would say,
"Thy truths are sure and beautiful;
How can my life grow dull?"

And when I eat and drink,
I joyfully would think,
'That all Thou hast created good
May be a wise man's food.

And as I work and trade,
Pay others, and am paid,
"Knowledge," I'll say, "we must not cease
To exchange, and so increase."

And when I hear the crowd
In busy traffic loud,
I'll cry, "How sweet would be the sound
Were all but brothers found!"

And when my friends at night
Count my return delight,
I'll think how pleased my God will be
His child in heaven to see.

THOMAS T. LYNCH

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

THESE helps solicit ; and a stedfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away ;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire,
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence
still.

Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's want and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT

SO act in thy brief passage through this world
That thy apparel, speech, and inner store
Of knowledge be adapted to thy age,
Thy occupation, means, and parentage.

The Code of Manu

AH, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !

ABRAHAM COWLEY

THOUGHTS alone cause the round of a new birth and a new death ; let a man therefore strive to purify his thoughts. What a man *thinks*, that he *is* ; this is the old secret.

The Maitrâyaṇa Upanishad

THE residue of life is short. Live as on a mountain.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

NOT for these sad issues
Was Man created ; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope and action. And 'tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities.
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness ; whence the Being moves
In beauty through the world ; and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WHILE thou art in the world, and hast an honest employment, thou art certainly by the order of Providence obliged to labour in it, and to finish the work given thee, according to thy best ability, without repining in the least; seeking out and manifesting for God's glory the Wonders of Nature and Art. Since, let the Nature be what it will, it is all the Work and Art of God. And let the Art also be what it will, it is still God's Work and His Art, rather than any art or cunning of man. And all both in Art and Nature serveth. but abundantly to manifest the wonderful Works of God, that He for all and in all may be glorified. Yea, all serveth, if thou knowest rightly how to use them, only to recollect thee more inwards, and to draw thy Spirit into that majestic Light wherein the original patterns and forms of things visible are to be seen.

Let the hands or the head be at labour, thy Heart ought nevertheless to rest in God. God is a Spirit; dwell in the Spirit; work in the Spirit; pray in the Spirit; and do everything in the Spirit; for remember thou also art a Spirit, and thereby created in the image of God.

JACOB BEHMEN

THE Lord hath called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri ; . . . and He hath filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship ; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver and in brass, and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work. . . . Him hath He filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, in scarlet and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work and of those that devise cunning work.

Exodus

AS for matters of Huswifery, when God puts them upon you it would bee sin either to refuse them or perform them negligently, and therefore the ignorance of them is a great shame and Danger for women that intend Marriage. But to seek these kinds of Businesses for pleasure, and to make them your delights, and to pride yourselves for your care and curiositie in them, is a great vanitie and Folly at the best, and to neglect better things and more necessarie by pretence of being imployed in these things is surely though a common Practize, yet a peice of sinfull Hypocrisie. Doe them therefore when God puts them upon you, and doe them carefully and well, and God shall reward you, however the things themselves bee but meane, accepting them at your hands as if they were greater matters, when they are done and undergone out of Obedience to His Command. But let your Delight bee onely in the better part.

MARY FERRAR

NEVER talk with any man, or undertake any trifling employment, merely to pass the time away ; for every day well spent may become a “day of salvation,” and time rightly employed is an “acceptable time.” And remember that the time thou triflest away was given thee to repent in, to pray for pardon of sins, to work out thy salvation, to do the work of grace, to lay up against the day of judgment a treasure of good works, that thy time may be crowned with Eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR

GREAT is their peace who know a limit to their ambitious minds, that have learned to be contented with the appointments and bounds of Providence ; that are not careful to be great ; but, being great, are humble and do good. Such keep their wits with their consciences, and, with an even mind, can at all times measure the uneven world, rest fixed in the midst of all its uncertainties, and as becomes those who have an interest in a better, in the good time and will of God, cheerfully leave this.

WILLIAM PENN

THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE
VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN

LET all persons of all conditions avoid all delicacy and niceness in their clothing or diet, because such softness engages them upon great mis-spendings of their time, while they dress and comb out all their opportunities of their morning devotion, and half the day's severity, and sleep out the care and provision for their souls.

JEREMY TAYLOR

IN clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell.
Wisedome's a trimmer thing than shop ere
gave.

Say not then, This with that lace will do well ;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour ; folly long a doing.

GEORGE HERBERT

EXCESS in Apparel is another Costly Folly. The very Trimming of the vain World would cloath the naked one.

Chuse thy Cloaths by thine own Eyes, not another's. The more plain and simple they are, the better. Neither unshapely, nor fantastical; but for Use and Decency, and not for Pride.

If thou art clean and warm, it is sufficient; for more doth but rob the Poor, and please the Wanton. It is said of the true Church, The King's daughter is all glorious within. Let our Care therefore be of our Minds more than of our Bodies, if we would be of her Communion.

WILLIAM PENN

OUR dress, house, and furniture should certainly be decent and becoming our condition; but Christian simplicity should be our most beautiful adornment. The love of finery is an occasion of numberless sins. It is the cause of much loss of that precious time, for which we shall have to render a strict account at the judgement seat of God. How many useless expenses does this taste for dress occasion, whilst it wastes the greater part of the money which if spent in alms would alleviate the misery of many poor sufferers. . . .

Our dress should be in keeping with our position in society. . . .

If the position which Providence has assigned to us in the world requires that our attire should be more adorned, and our garments of richer material, our heart at least should be a stranger to all these things, so that we say with Queen Esther: "Thou knowest, O Lord, my necessity, that I abominate the sign of my pride and glory which is upon my head—and that Thy handmaid hath never rejoiced but in Thee, O Lord our God."

From the *Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis*

REMOVE from thyself all provocations and incentives to anger . . . in not heaping up with an ambitious or curious prodigality any very curious or choice utensils, seals, jewels, glasses, precious stones ; because those very many accidents which happen in the spoiling or loss of these rarities, are in event an irresistible cause of violent anger.

JEREMY TAYLOR

DO good with what thou hast, or it will do thee
no good.

Seek not to be Rich, but Happy. The one
lies in Bags, the other in Content: which Wealth
can never give.

If thou wouldest be Happy, bring thy Mind to
thy Condition, and have an Indifferency for more
than what is sufficient.

Be rather Bountiful than Expensive.

Neither make nor go to Feasts, but let the
laborious Poor bless thee at Home in their Solitary
Cottages.

WILLIAM PENN

EVERY day bring God sacrifices and be the priest in this reasonable service, offering thy body and the virtue of thy soul.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

WHEN the clock strikes, or however else you shall measure the day, it is good to say a short ejaculation every hour, that the parts and returns of devotion may be the measure of your time: and so do also in all the breaches of thy sleep, that those spaces which have in them no direct business of the world may be filled with religion.

JEREMY TAYLOR

IN the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service: and at night also, let Him close thine eyes: and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and conveniences of nature: and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.

JEREMY TAYLOR

WHEN night comes, list thy deeds ; make
plain the way

'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays :
But perfect all before thou sleep'st ; then say,
"There's one Sun more strung on my Bead of
days."

What's good store up for Joy, the bad, well scann'd,
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, spend in the grave one
houre

Before thy time ; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages : Life's poor
flowre

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation ; but the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

HENRY VAUGHAN

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees,
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close
In reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a sense of supplication ;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

GIVER of Sleep, unsleeping Lord,
Now am I to my chamber come,
Where flesh and heart each seek their home ;
Thy nightly gift again I crave,
My wearied frame repose would have,
My heart the promise of Thy Word.

Just ready to depart, the Day
Spake to me in my garden walk,
Where oft the Day and I do talk,
And said, "O Soul, both thou and I
Have lived beneath a Father's eye ;
And now to Him I go away."

Then soon the Night, immense with stars,
Whose gentle and immortal flame
Burns on in sanctity the same
As when Thou first didst light their fires,
Came, saying, "O Soul, are thy desires
Bound to the earth by sensual bars?"

Not unrebukable am I,
Not spotless Thy command have kept ;
Yet, Lord, my day's poor work accept,
For I have lived as in Thy view ;
Accept that wistful worship too
Wherewith I gave the Night reply.

Here now I am : the house is fast ;
I am shut in from all but Thee ;
Great witness of my privacy,
Dare I unshamed my soul undress,
And, like a child, seek Thy caress,
Thou Ruler of a realm so vast ?

Ask it I will ; I cannot rest
Unless Thou grant some tender sign,
Assuring me that I am Thine :
The mightiest king that father is
Loves well his little child to kiss ;
And art not Thou of fathers best ?

Of fathers best, of kings supreme,
Child of the kingdom reckon me,
With Jesus one, thus born of Thee,
Secured and nourished by Thy grace,
And righteous in His righteousness,
Say, " Ever thou art mine in Him."

The light is out : my rest I take,
Down with unfearing heart I lie,
And wait sleep's healing mystery,—
Still as the grave, but kind as heaven :
Such sleep, O Lord, to me be given,
That I may holier, stronger wake.

THOMAS T. LYNCH

THE children cannot sleep, the children of this world, in this foolish hurrying time. Children too, indeed, of Nature our gentle Mother. She says, as all wise mothers say, that they have had a day too full of play or work, too eager, too awakening. She knows why they toss among the white pillows till morning makes grey squares upon the curtain. To-morrow, yes, and all to-morrows, she must see to it that they pass quieter days, that they come at evening and read a chapter from the big Bible, and say their prayers at her knee, and so put away the busy thoughts of the day. So Mother Nature says, but ah—they do not listen.

In the sweet old quiet days when men did great things because they were never in a hurry, they thought each night an image in small, a type, a possible beginning too, of the long Night—which is indeed the Day. The darkness brought holy musings as surely as it brought the stars, and with thoughts floating out into the wide sea of infinite being, Sleep, who dwells in that calm region, came unsought. Instead of the peevish wail of the sleepless, was the wise desire of the wakeful spirit to rise and give thanks in the Night Watches, and to let no hour pass without its prayer.

From Thoughts of a Tertiary

SLEEP should be light, so that we may easily awake ; for we ought to rise frequently in the night, in order to give thanks to God. . . . We who have the Word, the watchman, dwelling in us, must not sleep through the night.

ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

DEAR night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busie fools ; care's check and
curb ;

The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress, and His prayer-time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still soft call ;
His knocking-time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kinred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every myre ;
And by this world's ill guiding light,
Erre more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.

O for that night ! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim !

HENRY VAUGHAN

BY all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.
GEORGE HERBERT

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made ;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by
the shore,
While I stand on the roadway—or on the pave-
ments gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS

MEDITATE as much while on this journey as if you were shut up in a hermitage or in your cell, for wherever we are, wherever we go, we carry our cell with us; Brother body is our cell, and the soul is the hermit who dwells in it, there to pray to the Lord and to meditate.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THE man who is careful to recollect himself and who puts his confidence in God is oftentimes more recollected in streets and public places than he who remains shut up in his cell.

JUAN DE AVILA

BE able to be alone. Loose not the advantage of Solitude, and the Society of thyself, nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresency. He who is thus prepared, the Day is not uneasy nor the Night black unto him. Darkness may bound his Eyes, not his Imagination. In his Bed he may ly, like Pompey and his Sons, in all quarters of the Earth, may speculate the Universe, and enjoy the whole World in the Hermitage of himself. Thus the old ascetick Christians found a paradise in a Desert, and with little converse on Earth held a conversation in Heaven; thus they astronomized in Caves, and, though they beheld not the Stars, had the Glory of Heaven before them.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

HEAVEN—HAVEN

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

GERARD HOPKINS, S.J.

BE of good cheer, then. Let this be always plain to thee, that this piece of land is like any other ; and that all things here are the same with things on the top of a mountain, or on the sea-shore, or wherever thou choosest to be. For thou wilt find just what Plato says, “ Dwelling within the walls of a city as in a shepherd’s fold on a mountain.”

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

O ALL wide places, far from feverous towns !
 Great shining seas ! pine forests ! mountains
 wild !

Rock-bosomed shores ! rough heaths ! and sheep-
 cropt downs !

Vast pallid clouds ! blue spaces undefiled !
 Room ! give me room ! give loneliness and air !
 Free things and plenteous in your regions fair.

White dove of David, flying overhead,
 Golden with sunlight on thy snowy wings,
 Outspeeding thee my longing thoughts are fled
 To find a home afar from men and things,
 Where in His temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
 God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply.

O God of mountains, stars and boundless spaces !
 O God of freedom and of joyous hearts !
 When Thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
 There will be room enough in crowded marts ;
 Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er ;
 Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Heart, heart, awake ! the love that loveth all
 Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave.
 God in thee, can His children's folly gall ?
 Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave ?
 Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm ;
 Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm.

GEORGE MACDONALD

THEY seek for themselves private retiring-places, as country villages, the sea-shore, mountains; yea, thou thy self art wont to long much after such places. But all this (thou must know) proceeds from simplicity in the highest degree. At what time soever thou wilt, it is in thy power to retire into thyself, and to be at rest.

For a man cannot retire any-whither to be more at rest, and freer from all business, than to his own soul. He especially who is beforehand provided of such things within, which whensoever he doth withdraw himself to look in, may presently afford unto him perfect ease and tranquillity.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

THE inward, steady righteousness of Jesus is another thing, than all the contrived devotion of poor superstitious man; and to stand approved in the sight of God, excels that bodily exercise in religion, resulting from the invention of men. And the soul that is awakened and preserved by His holy power and spirit, lives to Him in the way of His own institution, and worships Him in His own spirit—that is, in the holy sense, life, and leadings of it: which indeed is the evangelical worship.

Not that I would be thought to slight a true retirement: for I do not only acknowledge but admire solitude. Christ Himself was an example of it: He loved and chose to frequent mountains, gardens, sea-sides. It is requisite to the growth of piety, and I reverence the virtue that seeks and uses it; wishing there were more of it in the world; but then it should be free, not constrained. . . .

Nay, I have long thought it an error among all sorts, that use not monastick lives, that they have no retreats for the afflicted, the tempted, the solitary, and the devout; where they might undisturbedly wait upon God, pass through their religious exercises, and being thereby strengthened, may with more power over their own spirits enter into the business of the world again: though the less the better to be sure. For divine pleasures are found in a free solitude.

WILLIAM PENN

THE half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

NOW consider first the myrrh. It is bitter ; and this is a type of the bitterness which must be tasted before a man can find God, when he first turns from the world to God, and all his likings and desires have to be utterly changed. . . .

But there is yet another myrrh which far surpasses the first. This is the myrrh which God gives us in the cup of trouble and sorrow, of whatever kind it may be, outward or inward. Ah, if thou couldst but receive this myrrh as from its true source, and drink it with the same love with which God puts it to thy lips, what blessedness would it work in thee ! And what a joy and peace and an excellent thing were that ! Yes, the very least and the very greatest sorrows that God ever suffers to befall thee, proceed from the depths of His unspeakable love ; and such great love were better for thee than the highest and best gifts besides that He has given thee or ever could give thee, if thou couldst but see it in this light.

JOHN TAULER

IT is God that causeth grief: He measureth out sorrow to us, as well as the misery that causeth it. He drowneth the Soul in anguish, who thought it had been impossible for him to have been driven from rejoycing and delighting in himself. And our state requireth it: we have as much need of the pain, of the smart, of the grief, as of the affliction that occasioneth it; *if need be*, yea, *if need be*, only *if need be*, *ye suffer heaviness through many temptations*, for *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men* from His heart; it is His strange work, not His natural delight.

ISAAC PENINGTON

I GIVE myself to prayer ;
 Lord, give Thyself to me,
 And let the time of my request
 Thy time of answer be.

My thoughts are like the reeds,
 And tremble as they grow
 In the sad current of a life
 That darkly runs and slow.

No song is in the air,
 But one pervading fear ;
 Death's shadow dims my light, and Death
 Himself is lurking near.

I am as if asleep,
 Yet conscious that I dream ;
 Like one who vainly tries to wake
 And free himself I seem.

The loud distressful cry
 With which I call on Thee,
 Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
 Canst give me liberty.

O, break this darksome spell,
 This murky sadness strange ;
 Let me the terrors of the night
 For cheerful day exchange.

Freshen the air with wind,
Comfort my heart with song :
Let thoughts be lilies pure, and life
A river bright and strong.

Save me from subtle Death,
Who, serpent-like, by fear
Palsies me for escape, yet draws
His trembling victim near.

I give myself to prayer ;
Lord, give Thyself to me,
And in the time of my distress,
O, haste and succour me.

Then be my heart, my world,
Re-hallowed unto Thee,
And Thy pervading glory, Lord,
O, let me feel and see.

THOMAS T. LYNCH

WHEN I no more can stir my soul to move,
 And life is but the ashes of a fire ;
 When I can but remember that my heart
 Once used to live and love, long and aspire,—
 Oh, be Thou then the first, the one Thou art ;
 Be Thou the calling, before all answering love,
 And wake in me hope, fear, boundless desire.

I thought that I had lost Thee ; but behold !
 Thou comest to me from the horizon low,
 Across the fields outspread of green and gold—
 Fair carpet for Thy feet to come and go.
 Whence I know not, or how to me Thou art
 come !—

Not less my spirit with calm bliss doth glow,
 Meeting Thee only thus, in Nature vague and dumb.

GEORGE MACDONALD

GOD! Thou art mind! unto the master-mind
 Mind should be precious. Spare my mind
 alone!

All else I will endure; if as I stand,
 Here, with my gains, Thy thunder smite me down,
 I bow me; 'tis Thy will, Thy righteous will;
 I o'erpass life's restrictions, and I die;
 And if no trace of my career remain
 Save a thin corpse at pleasure of the wind
 In these bright chambers level with the air,
 See Thou to it! But if my spirit fail,
 My once proud spirit forsake me at the last,
 Hast Thou done well by me? So do not Thou!
 Crush not my mind, dear God, though I be crushed!

ROBERT BROWNING

THE deeper these thoughts sank within me, the more complete became my dissatisfaction with the shallow theories through which human thinkers have striven to bridge over contradictions which God has left unreconciled, and to reply to questions which He has been pleased to leave unanswered. That death of anguish which Scripture declares to us to be "necessary," though it does not explain wherein its dire necessity resides, convinced me that God was not content to throw, as moralists and theologians can do so easily, the whole weight and accountability of sin and suffering upon man, but was willing, if this burden might not as yet be removed, to share it with His poor, finite, heavily burdened creature. When I looked upon my agonized and dying God, and turned from that world-appealing sight, Christ crucified for us, to look upon life's most perplexed and sorrowful contradictions, I was not met as in intercourse with my fellow-men by the cold platitudes that fall so lightly from the lips of those whose hearts have never known one real pang, nor whose lives one crushing blow. I was not told that all things were ordered for the best, nor assured that the overwhelming disparities of life were but apparent, but I was met from the eyes and brow of Him who was indeed acquainted with grief, by a look of

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solemn recognition, such as may pass between friends who have endured between them some strange and secret sorrow, *and are through it united in a bond that cannot be broken.*

DORA GREENWELL

THERE is no suffering in the world but
ultimately comes to be endured by God.

A. T. QUILLER COUCH

LOVE, too, blossoms out
More perfectly from agony and doubt ;
Hath wider ranges, and a kind of laugh
At human things in him : in short, can quaff
Easier of joy ; can grasp the world and use ;
Is kindlier to all living life ; would lose
Not one process of nature ; but o'erspreads
In genial current all things ; hath no dreads,
No hates, no self-tormenting ; cherishes,
Blesses, and gives great teaching, for it frees :
Thus much more precious is love's after-birth.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

I HAVE no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee ;
"All is of God that is, and is to be ;

And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the
ill.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

LOVE is indeed Heaven upon Earth: since Heaven above would not be Heaven without it. . . .

What we Love, we'll Hear; what we Love, we'll Trust; and what we Love, we'll Serve, ay, and Suffer for too. If you love Me (says our Blessed Redeemer) keep My Commandments. Why? Why, then He'll Love us; then we shall be His Friends; then He'll send us the Comforter; then whatsoever we ask, we shall receive; and then where He is we shall be also, and that for ever. . . .

Love is above all; and when it prevails in us all, we shall all be Lovely, and in Love with God and one with another. Amen.

WILLIAM PENN

OF Juan de Avila it is said that his perfect serenity was most striking; however multifarious his occupations, however uncongenial the persons with whom his duties brought him in contact, he was ever serene.

He seemed always as though he had just issued forth from a long and fervent prayer, and his very look was enough to edify men.

Spanish Mystics

ACCUSTOM yourself gradually to let your mental prayer spread over all your daily external occupations. Speak, act, work quietly, as though you were praying, as indeed you ought to be.

Do everything without excitement, simply in the spirit of grace. So soon as you perceive natural activity gliding in, recall yourself quietly into the Presence of God. Harken to what the leadings of grace prompt, and say and do nothing but what God's Holy Spirit teaches. You will find yourself infinitely more quiet, your words will be fewer and more effectual, and while doing less what you do will be more profitable. It is not a question of a hopeless mental activity, but a question of acquiring a quietude and peace in which you readily advise with your Beloved as to all you have to do.

FÉNELON

THERE are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.
KEBLE

CONSIDER that everything is opinion, and opinion is in thy power. Take away then, when thou choosest, thy opinion, and like a mariner, who has doubled the promontory, thou wilt find calm, everything stable, and a waveless bay.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

NOW he who will in love give his whole diligence and might thereto, will verily come to know that true eternal peace which is God Himself, as far as that is possible to a creature; insomuch that what was bitter to him before shall become sweet, and his heart shall remain unmoved under all changes, at all times, and after this life he shall attain unto everlasting peace.

Theologia Germanica

THOU gavest unto me
No sign ! I knew no loving secret, told
As oft to men beloved, and I must hold
My peace when these would speak of converse
high ;

Jesus, my Master, yet I would be nigh
When these would speak, and in the words rejoice
Of them who listen to the Bridegroom's voice.

Thou gavest unto me
No goodly gift, no pearl of price untold,
No signet-ring, no ruby shut in gold,
No chain around my neck to wear for pride,
For love no token in my breast to hide ;
Yea ! these, perchance, from out my careless hold
Had slipped, perchance some robber shrewd and
bold

Had snatched them from me ! so Thou didst provide

For me, my Master kind, *from day to day* ;
And in this world, Thine inn, Thou bad'st me
stay,

And saidst,—“ What thou spendest, I will pay.”

I never heard Thee say,
“ Bring forth the robe for this My son, the best ; ”
Thou gavest not to me, as unto guest
Approved, a festal mantle rich and gay ;
Still singing, ever singing, in the cold
Thou leavest me, without Thy Door to stay ;
Now the Night draweth on, the Day is old,

And Thou hast never said,—"Come in, My
friend,"—

Yet once, yea twice, methinks Thy love did send
A secret message,—“Bless’d unto the end
Are they that love and they that still endure.”
Jesus, my Saviour, take to thee Thy poor,
Take home Thy humble friend.

DORA GREENWELL

“What is that to thee? follow thou Me.”

LIE still, my restive heart, lie still :
God's Word to thee saith “Wait and bear.”
The good which He appoints is good,
The good which He denies were ill :
Yea, subtle comfort is thy care,
Thy hurt a help not understood.

“Friend, go up higher,” to one : to one,
“Friend, enter thou My joy,” He saith :
To one, “Be faithful unto death.”
For some a wilderness doth flower,
Or day's work in one hour is done :—
“But thou, couldst thou not watch one hour?”

Lord, I had chosen another lot,
But then I had not chosen well ;
Thy choice and only Thine is good :
No different lot, search heaven or hell,
Had blessed me, fully understood,
None other : which Thou orderest not.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

O H, make my anger pure—let no worst wrong
Rouse in me the old niggard selfishness.
Give me Thine indignation—which is love
Turned on the evil that would part love's throng ;
Thy anger scathes because it needs must bless,
Gathering into union calm and strong
All things on earth, and under, and above.

Make my forgiveness downright—such as I
Should perish if I did not have from Thee ;
I let the wrong go, withered up and dry,
Cursed with divine forgetfulness in me.
'Tis but self-pity, pleasant, mean and sly,
Low whispering bids the paltry memory live :—
What am I brother for, but to forgive ?

Lord, I forgive—and step in unto Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD

FAR among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even ;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea ;
All around is forethought sure,
Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main ?
Will the potter heed the clay ?
Mortal ! where the Spirit drives,
Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive ;
Where thy path is, thou shalt go.
He who made the streams of time
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ERE Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey
People cry,

Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a Shadow
and a sigh—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watch-
ing shade,

And the whisper spreads and widens far and
near ;
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even
now—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !

Ere the Moon has climbed the mountain, ere the
rocks are ribbed with light,

When the downward-dipping tails are dank and
drear ;

Comes a breathing hard behind thee, snuffle-
snuffle through the night—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !
On thy knees and draw the bow, bid the shrilling
arrow go ;

In the empty mocking thicket plunge the spear ;
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood
has left thy cheek—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the
slivered pine trees fall,

When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and
veer ;

Through the trumpets of the thunder rings a voice
more loud than all—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

Now the spates are banked and deep ; now the
footless boulders leap ;

Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib
clear ;

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart
against thy side

Hammers : Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear !

RUDYARD KIPLING

LO! now thy swift dogs, over stone and bush,
After me, straying sheep, loud barking rush.
There's *Fear*, and *Shame*, and *Empty-heart*, and
Lack,
And *Lost-love*, and a thousand at their back!
I see thee not, but know thou hound'st them on,
And I am lost indeed—escape is none.
See! there they come, down streaming on my
track!

I rise and run, staggering—double and run.—
But whither? whither? whither for escape?
The sea lies all about this long-necked cape—
There come the dogs, straight for me every one—
Me, live despair, live centre of alarms!—
Ah! lo! 'twixt me and all his barking harms,
The Shepherd, lo!—I run—fall folded in His
Arms.

GEORGE MACDONALD

WHAT time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.
Book of Psalms

THERE is one way for thee ; but one ; inform
Thyself of it ; pursue it ; one way each
Soul hath by which the infinite in reach
Lieth before him ; seek and ye shall find :
To each the way is plain ; that way the wind
Points all the trees along ; that way run down
Loud singing streams ; that way pour on and on
A thousand headlands with their cataracts
Of toppling flowers ; that way the sun enacts
His travel, and the moon and all the stars
Soar ; and the tides move towards it ; nothing
bars

A man who goes the way that he should go ;
That which comes soonest is the thing to do.
Thousand light-shadows in the rippling sand
Joy the true soul ; the waves along the strand
Whiten beyond his eyes ; the trees tossed back
Show him the sky ; or, heaped upon his track
In a black wave, wind heaped, point onward still
His one, one way. O joy, joy, joy, to fill
The day with leagues ! Go thy way, all things
say,

Thou hast thy way to go, thou hast thy day
To live ; thou hast thy need of thee to make
In the hearts of others ; do thy thing ; yes, slake
The world's great thirst for yet another man !
And be thou sure of this ; no other can
Do for thee that appointed thee of God ;
Not any light shall shine upon thy road
For other eyes ;

Thou the angel calls,
As he calls others ; and thy life to thee
Is precious as the greatest's life can be
To him ; so live thy life and go thy way.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

I SLEEP, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

JEREMY TAYLOR

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face ;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked at my sullen heart in vain :—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake ;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

“**R**EJOICE with them that do rejoice.”
Little thing as this seems, it still is exceeding great, and requireth for it the spirit of true wisdom. And we might find many that perform the more irksome part, and yet want vigour for this. For many weep with them that weep, but still do not rejoice with them that rejoice. . . .
So great is the tyranny of a grudging spirit.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

BEST are they
 Who love their life in all things: is not life
 Its own fulfilment?

True souls always are hilarious;
 They see the way-marks on their exodus
 From better unto better: still they say,
 Lo! the new law, when old things pass away;
 Still keep themselves well guarded, nothing swerve
 From the great purposes to which they serve
 Scarce knowingly; still smile and take delight
 In arduous things, as brave men when they fight
 Take joy in feeling one another's might.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

“**G**OD leads us by our own desires,” after we have once offered the sacrifice of them with full sincerity. The “ruling love,” the best-beloved good, which we offer to slay, as Abraham did Isaac, that very good is given back to us glorified and made indeed the thing which we desired. We have, with the “Wise Men,” to leave our own people and our father’s house, before we can see “Jesus with His Mother,” but, after that, God bids us “go back *another way into our own country.*”

COVENTRY PATMORE

TO trust God with all one is, or hopes for for ever, this is True Faith. To trust God with Body, Soul, Spirit; with His Promises, with His Covenant of Grace, with His Christ, with anything whereby I might secure myself from being subject to His pleasure; this is Faith in good earnest, this is Faith founded upon true knowledge: He knoweth God indeed, who dareth thus trust Him. Let others trust God *for Salvation*, but my spirit can never rest, till it dares trust God *with Salvation*.

ISAAC PENINGTON

THOU hast given me a heart to desire,
Thou hast given me a soul to aspire,
A spirit to question and plead ;
I ask not what Thou hast decreed ;
I think but of love and of need ;
Thou art rich, Thou art kind, Thou art free ;
What joy shall be failing to me
Whom Thou lovest ? Thy smile and Thy kiss
Can give me back all that I miss ;
In Thy presence is fullness of bliss :
I ask not its nature ! I know
It is life, it is youth, it is love ;
It is all that is wanting below,
It is all that is waiting above.

Is it peace that I crave ? is it rest ?
Is it love that would bless and be blest ?
All, all that Thou takest away,
Thou canst give me again, in a day,
In an hour, in a moment ! Thy hand
Is full, and I open my breast
For the flower of my soul to expand.

DORA GREENWELL

HAVING once dedicated, and lovingly resigned thyself to the will of God, there is nothing else for thee to do but to continue in the same, without repeating new and sensible acts, provided thou takest not back the jewel thou hast once given, by committing some notable fault against His Divine Will : though thou oughtest still to exercise thyself outwardly in the external work of thy calling and state, for in so doing thou doest the Will of God, and walkest in continual and virtual praying.

He always prays, said Theophylact, who does good works, nor does he neglect prayer but when he leaves off to be just.

MIGUEL MOLINOS

O FOOLISH Soul ! to make thy count
For languid falls and much forgiven,
When like a flame thou mightest mount
To storm and carry heaven.

A life so faint,—is this to live ?
A goal so mean,—is this a goal ?
Christ love thee, remedy, forgive,
Save thee, O foolish Soul !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WE are evidently in the midst of a process, and the slowness of God's processes in the material world prepares us, or ought to prepare us, for something analogous in the moral world; so that at least we may be allowed to trust that He who has taken untold ages for the formation of a bit of old red sandstone may not be limited to threescore years and ten for the perfecting of a human spirit.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN

SINCE succour to the feeblest of the wise
 Is charge of nobler weight
 Than the security
 Of many and many a foolish soul's estate,
 This I affirm,
 Though fools will fools more confidently be :
 Whom God doth once with heart to heart be-
 friend,
 He does so till the end ;
 And having planted life's miraculous germ,
 One sweet pulsation of responsive love,
 He sets him sheer above,
 Not sin and bitter shame
 And wreck of fame,
 But Hell's insidious and more black attempt,
 The envy, malice and pride,
 Which men who share so easily condone
 That few even list such ills as these to hide.
 From these unalterably exempt
 Through the remember'd grace
 Of that divine embrace,
 Of his sad errors none,
 Though gross to blame,
 Shall cast him lower than the cleansing flame,
 Nor make him quite depart
 From the small flock named "after God's own
 heart,"
 And to themselves unknown.
 Nor can he quail
 In faith, nor flush nor pale
 When all the other idiot people spell

How this or that new prophet's word belies
Their last high oracle ;
But constantly his soul
Points to its pole,
Even as the needle points and knows not why ;
And, under the ever-changing clouds of doubt,
When others cry,
" The stars, if stars there were,
Are quenched and out ! "
To him, uplooking t'ward the hills for aid,
Appear, at need display'd,
Gaps in the low-hung gloom, and, bright in air,
Orion or the Bear.

COVENTRY PATMORE

EXPERIENCE bows a sweet contented face,
 Still setting to her seal that God is true :
 Beneath the sun, she knows, is nothing new ;
 All things that go return with measured pace,
 Winds, rivers, man's still recommencing race :—
 While Hope beyond earth's circle strains her
 view,
 Past sun and moon, and rain and rainbow too,
 Enamoured of unseen eternal grace.
 Experience saith, "My God doth all things well :"
 And for the morrow taketh little care,
 Such peace and patience garrison her soul :—
 While Hope, who never yet hath eyed the goal,
 With arms flung forth, and backward floating hair,
 Touches, embraces, hugs the invisible.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

SO fare the many ; and the thoughtful few,
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
 Shall it endure ?—Shall enmity and strife,
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed ;
 And the kind never perish ? Is the hope
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
 And ne'er to fail ? Shall that blest day arrive
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live
 Studious of mutual benefit ; and he
 Whom Morn awakens, among dews and flowers
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
 Be happy in himself ? The law of faith
 Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve ?
 Almighty Lord, Thy further grace impart !
 And with that help the wonder shall be seen
 Fulfilled, the hope accomplished ; and Thy praise
 Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AND then at last, when all is done, when it is wholly finished, then the meaning of all these things, the mystery of God, God in the mystery, the mystery in God, shall be opened : And then, Eternal Joy, Everlasting Life shall break forth. Flesh shall grieve no more, feel no more, complain no more, when the fire hath spent its whole force upon it : The Spirit shall suffer no more in flesh or because of flesh, when flesh is made a meet companion for it. When everything in God appears, when everything appears as it is in God, in that excellency, perfection, universal love and loveliness, that greater cannot be : When every Creature shall see it was ever tendered, even when it seemed most neglected ; it was improved to the best advantage, when it seemed most cast off ; it could never have wished so well for itself, as it is provided for ; its Death, Life, Misery, Happiness, were all acted under a vail, and were none of them what it took them to be, but were all of them what it was best for it they should be : Then shall Glory shine round about Him, who is what none else is, who works as none else can.

ISAAC PENINGTON

LOVE, love that once for all did agonize,
Shall conquer all things to itself ! if late
Or soon this fall, I ask not nor surmise,—
And when my God is waiting I can wait !

DORA GREENWELL

THE assurance that the righteous Creator can never cease to desire and urge the righteousness of His creature is the eternal hope for man, and the secure rest for the soul that apprehends it. For if this be His purpose for one, it must be His purpose for all. I believe that it is His purpose for all, and that He will persevere in it until it is accomplished in all.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN

THEN life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level, where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms !

I have faith such end shall be :
From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see ? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play.

ROBERT BROWNING

HE [the Christian] will pray in every place, but not openly to be seen of men. He prays in every situation, in his walks for recreation, in his intercourse with others, in silence, in reading, in all rational pursuits. And although he is only thinking of God in the little chamber of the soul, and calling upon his Father with silent aspirations, God is near him and with him while he is yet speaking

ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

IF thou love thine health, if thou desire to be sure from the gresses¹ of the devil, from the storms of this world, from the await of thine enemies, if thou long to be acceptable to God, if thou covet to be happy at the last; let no day pass thee but thou once at the least wise present thyself to God by prayer, and falling down before Him flat to the ground with an humble affect of devout mind, not from the extremity of thy lips, but out of the inwardness of thine heart, cry these words of the prophet, "*Delicta juventutis meæ et ignorantias meas ne memineris. Sed secundum misericordiam tuam memento mei propter bonitatem tuam Domine.*" "The offences of my youth and mine ignorances remember not, good Lord, but after Thy mercy, Lord, of Thy goodness, remember me."

GIOVANNI PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

¹ Snares

SOME think that because St. Paul said, "I would have men pray in every place," it is therefore unnecessary to pray in any particular place, but that it suffices to interlace our prayer with the rest of our works. And a good thing it is to pray in all places, but that will not suffice us if we would imitate Jesus Christ our Lord, and practise that which His saints have done in regard to prayer. For be thou well assured that no man will be able to pray with profit in *every* place unless first he have learnt to pray in a *particular* place and to employ some space of time therein.

JUAN DE AVILA

THE painful sense and feeling of what you are, kindled into a working State of Sensibility by the Light of God within you, is the Fire and Light from whence your Spirit of Prayer proceed. In its first kindling nothing is found or felt but Pain, Wrath, and Darkness, as is to be seen in the first kindling of every Heat or Fire. And therefore its first Prayer is nothing else but a sense of Penitence, Self-condemnation, Confession, and Humility. This Prayer of Humility is met by the Divine Love, the Mercifulness of God embraces it: and then its prayer is changed into Hymns and Songs and Thanksgivings. When this State of Fervour has done its Work, has melted away all earthly Passions and Affections, and left no Inclination in the Soul, but to delight in God alone—then its Prayer changes again. It is now come so near to God, has found such Union with Him, that it does not so much pray as live in God. Its Prayer is not any particular action, is not the Work of any particular faculty, not confined to Times, or Words, or Place, but is the Work of his whole Being, which continually stands in Fulness of Faith, in Purity of Love, in absolute Resignation, to do, and be, what and how his Beloved pleases. This is the last State of the Spirit of Prayer, and its highest Union with God in this Life.

WILLIAM LAW

PRAYER is an act, performed at set times, in certain forms of words; but prayer is also a spirit, which need not be expressed in words, the spirit of contentment and resignation, of active goodness and benevolence, of modesty and truthfulness. It is the spirit which lives above the world, in communion with a higher principle, which is always working a work ("laborare est orare") and always going on in the search after a higher truth. It is the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which aspires in some way or other to be a saviour of mankind.

He who has this spirit, whether consciously or unconsciously, whether he be a man of science or a minister of a church, is a Christian in heart, by whatever term he may be called, or of whatever sect he may call himself. For men are to be judged not by their opinions but their lives; not by what they say or do, but by what they are.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

PRAY often, and you shall pray oftener.

Order your private devotions so, that they become not arguments and causes of tediousness by their indiscreet length; but reduce your words into a narrower compass, still keeping all the matter, and what is cut off in the length of your prayers, supply in the earnestness of your spirit; for so nothing is lost, while the words are changed into matter, and length of time into fervency of devotion.

JEREMY TAYLOR

IN prayer the soul renews its youth and regains its freshness.

In meditation let the person rouse himself from things temporal, and let him collect himself within himself—that is to say, within the very centre of his soul, where lies impressed the very image of God. Here let him hearken to the voice of God as though speaking to him from on high, yet present in his soul, as though there were no other in the world save God and himself.

SAN PEDRO DE ALCANTARA

EVERY creature hath some kind of sense of its state: it feeleth its weakness, its wants, its misery. It hath some sense of that Power from which it came, who provideth for it, who is leading it some whither: And it cannot but cry and complain to this Power, according to what it feels and desires. The young Ravens cry to it for food; The whole creation groaneth and panteth to it, to be delivered from its bondage. Man, as he hath a clearer light than these, so he hath more clear addresses to it. . . .

By Prayer, I do not mean any bodily exercise of the outward man; but the going forth of the Spirit of life towards the Fountain of Life, for fulness and satisfaction: The natural tendency of the poor, rent, derived spirit, towards the Fountain of spirits.

ISAAC PENINGTON

WHEN I stir thee to prayer, I stir thee not to the prayer which standeth in many words, but to that prayer which in the secret chamber of the mind, in the privy closet of the soul with very affect speaketh to God, and in the most lightsome darkness of contemplation not only presenteth the mind to the Father : but also uniteth it with Him by unspeakable wayes which only they know that have assayed. Nor I care not how long or how short thy prayer be, but how effectual, how ardent, and rather interrupted and broken between with sighs than drawn on length with a continual row and number of words.

GIOVANNI PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

IF you were to use yourself (as far as you can) to pray always in the same place ; if you were to reserve that place for devotion, and not allow yourself to do anything common in it ; if you were never to be there yourself, but in times of devotion ; if any little room, (or if that cannot be) if any particular part of a room was thus used, this kind of consecration of it, as a place holy unto God, would have an effect upon your mind, and dispose you to such tempers, as would very much assist your devotion. For by having a place thus sacred in your room, it would in some measure resemble a chapel or house of God. This would dispose you to be always in the spirit of religion when you were there ; and fill you with wise and holy thoughts when you were by yourself. Your own apartment would raise in your mind such sentiments as you have when you stand near an altar ; and you would be afraid of thinking or doing anything that was foolish near that place which is the place of prayer and holy intercourse with God.

WILLIAM LAW

HERE it is thou must not think thy own thoughts, nor speak thy own words, which indeed is the silence of the holy cross, but be sequestered from all the confused imaginations that are apt to throng and press upon the mind in those holy retirements. It is not for thee to think to overcome the Almighty by the most composed matter, cast into the aptest phrase, no, no ; one groan, one sigh from a wounded soul, an heart touched with true remorse, a sincere and godly sorrow, which is the work of God's Spirit, excels and prevails with God. Wherefore stand still in thy mind, wait to feel something that is divine to prepare and dispose thee to worship God truly and acceptably. And thus taking up the cross, and shutting the doors and windows of the soul against everything that would interrupt this attendance upon God, how pleasant soever the object be in itself, how lawful or needful at another season, the power of the Almighty will break in, His Spirit will work and prepare the heart, that it may offer up an acceptable sacrifice.

WILLIAM PENN

BUSINESSE

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul who sinned to-day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those ill forbears.

He that loseth gold, though drosse,
Tells to all he meets, his crosse:
He that sins, hath he no losse?

He that finds a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels
Neither sinne nor Saviour feels.

GEORGE HERBERT

I THINK you should try, without any painful effort, to dwell upon God as often as a longing for recollection, and regret that you cannot cultivate it more, comes over you. It will not do to wait for disengaged seasons, when you can close your door and be alone. The moment in which we crave after recollection is that in which to practise it; turn your heart then and there to God, simply, familiarly and trustfully. The most interrupted seasons may be used thus; not merely when you are out driving, but when you are dressing, having your hair arranged—even when you are eating, and when others are talking. Useless and tiresome details in conversation will afford you similar opportunities: instead of wearying you, or exciting your ridicule, they will give you time for recollection; and thus all things turn to good for those who love God.

From *Letter to the Countess de Gramont*—FÉNELON

VIA, ET VERITAS, ET VITA

“YOU never attained to Him.” “If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be.”

“Endless the way, followed with how much pain ! ”
“The way was He.”

ALICE MEYNELL

WHERE men are enlightened with the true light, they . . . renounce all desire and choice, and commit and commend themselves and all things to the Eternal Goodness. Nevertheless, there remaineth in them a desire to go forward and get nearer to the Eternal Goodness; that is, to come to a clearer knowledge, and warmer love, and more comfortable assurance, and perfect obedience and subjection; so that every enlightened man could say: "I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness, what his own hand is to a man."

Theologia Germanica

LORD JESUS, who would think that I am
Thine?

Ah! who would think,
Who sees me ready to turn back or sink,
That Thou art mine?

I cannot hold Thee fast tho' Thou art mine :
Hold Thou me fast,
So earth shall know at last and heaven at last
That I am Thine.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE mortal man, all careful, wise and troubled,
 The eternal child in the nursery doth keep.
 To-morrow on to-day the man heaps doubled;
 The child laughs, hopeful, even in his sleep.
 The man rebukes the child for foolish trust;
 The child replies, "Thy care is for poor dust;
 Be still and let me wake that thou mayst sleep."

Till I am one, with oneness manifold,
 I must breed contradiction, strife and doubt;
 Things tread Thy court, look real—take proving
 hold—

My Christ is not yet grown to cast them out;
 Alas! to me, false-judging 'twixt the twain,
 The *Unseen* oft fancy seems, while, all about,
 The *Seen* doth lord it with a mighty train.

But when the Will hath learned obedience royal,
 He straight will set the child upon the throne;
 To whom the seen things all, grown instant loyal,
 Will gather to his feet, in homage prone—
 The child their master they have ever known:
 Then shall the visible fabric plainly lean
 On a Reality that never can be seen.

GEORGE MACDONALD

WEIGH all my faults and follies righteously,
Omissions and commissions, sin on sin ;
Make deep the scale, O Lord, to weigh them in ;
Yea, set the Accuser vulture-eyed to see
All loads ingathered which belong to me ;
That so in life the judgement may begin,
And Angels learn how hard it is to win
One solitary sinful soul to Thee.

I have no merits for a counterpoise :

Oh vanity my work and hastening day,
What can I answer to the accusing voice ?

Lord, drop Thou in the counterscale alone
One drop from Thine own Heart, and overweigh
My guilt, my folly, even my heart of stone.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

FEED My sheep.

Not to priests only is this said, but to every one of us also, who are also entrusted with a little flock. For do not despise it, because it is a little flock. For "My Father," He saith, "hath pleasure in them." Each of us hath a sheep, let him lead that to the proper pastures.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

PEOPLE who love themselves aright, even as they ought to love their neighbour, bear charitably, though without flattery, with self as with another. They know what needs correction at home as well as elsewhere ; they strive heartily and vigorously to correct it, but they deal with self as they would deal with some one else they wished to bring to God. They set to work patiently, not exacting more than is practicable under present circumstances from themselves any more than from others, and not being disheartened because perfection is not attainable in a day.

FÉNELON

THOU' thou hast been so "thirty and eight years," and art earnest to become whole, there is no one to hinder thee. Christ is now present also, and saith, "Take up thy bed;" only be willing to rouse thyself, despair not.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

BE constant, O happy soul, be constant and of good courage ; for however intolerable thou art to thyself, yet thou wilt be protected, enriched, and beloved by that greatest Good, as if He had nothing else to do than to lead thee to perfection by the highest steps of love ; and if thou dost not turn away, but perseverest constantly, without leaving off thy undertaking, know that thou offerest to God the most acceptable sacrifice ; so that if this Lord were capable of pain He would find no ease till He has completed this loving union with thy soul.

MIGUEL MOLINOS

IT is a sad Reflection, that many Men hardly have any Religion at all ; and most Men have none of their own : For that which is the Religion of their Education, and not of their Judgement, is the Religion of Another, and not 'Theirs.

No Religion is better than an Unnatural One.

It were better to be of no Church, than to be bitter for any.

WILLIAM PENN

ALL Truth is a shadow except the last — except the utmost, yet every Truth is true in its kind. It is substance in its own place, though it be but a shadow in another place, (for it is but a shadow from an intenser substance;) and the shadow is a true shadow, as the substance is a true substance.

ISAAC PENINGTON

TO-MORROW or in twenty centuries
The sudden falling open of a lid
On some grey tomb beside the Pyramid
May bring the First Evangel to our eyes.
That day, who knows with what aghast surprise
Our priests shall touch the very deeds He did,
And learn the truth so many ages hid,
And find, perchance, that Christ did never rise.
What then? Shall all our faith be accounted vain?
Nothing be left of all our nights of prayer?
Nothing of all the scruples, all the tears
Of endless generations' endless years?
Take heart! Be sure the fruits of these remain.
Hark to the Inner Witness: Christ is there!

MADAME JAMES DARMESTETER

I AM not more sure of my own existence than I am of being under the eye and guidance of a Being who desires to train and educate me to be a good man ; and yet I know that beyond the pale of the Bible's influence this conviction has rarely been fully felt, and I well believe that without that influence I should not have had such a conviction. But now that by the help of the Bible I have arrived at it, I feel that no demolition of outward authority, even if such demolition were possible, could deprive me of it. Indeed, that agreement between the Bible and my spiritual organisation strengthens my faith in the Divine origin of the Bible more than any other argument could.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN

TO me all things seem to witness that a change is at the doors, that Christendom is even now on the very eve of judgement, and yet that the break up of the Church, like that of Israel of old, will raise the world another step, and lead, not only to the departure of the fleshly forms of Christ, but to an outpouring of the Spirit, such as hitherto has not been known, and to an attainment by the race of an opening of Heaven and the things of God, which as yet has been the lot of very few. Christ shall be revealed. It will not be what so many are expecting, the continuation of that which now is seen, but the bringing in, or rather bringing out, of that which still is hidden, which, while it will surely shake all that can be shaken, will reveal also something which shall not be moved. But the thought that another and better dispensation will succeed the present is as offensive to many in the Church as the idea that the Gospel should succeed the law was to God's ancient people Israel. Those who counted themselves the elect could not believe the passing away of that which had stood so long, and been confirmed by such divine sanctions. Yet man grew out of the Jewish to the Christian stage. And now, if I err not, by the Church's judgement, and through a process very similar to that which happened to the Jew, man is not only to extend what he now has,—much less to retrograde, as some believe, to Jewish ceremonies,—but rather to advance by the developement of the life within to something still higher and broader and more spiritual.

ANDREW JUKES

THUS you see, Academicus, that I am so far from being, as you said, in a Way by myself, that I am with every man in every way, whose heart stands right towards God.

WILLIAM LAW

HOW sweet and pleasant it is to the spiritual eye to see several forms of Christians in the school of Christ, every one learning their own lesson, performing their own peculiar service, and knowing, owning, and loving one another in their several places, and different performances to their Master, to whom they are to give an account, and not to quarrel with one another about their different practices! The true ground of unity is not that a man walks and does just as I do, but that I feel the same spirit and life in him.

The way is one, Christ the truth of God; and he that is in the faith, and in the obedience to the Light which shines from His Spirit into the heart of every believer, has a taste of the one heart, and of the one way; and knows that no variety of practices, which is of God, can make a breach of the true unity.

ISAAC PENINGTON

NEITHER despise, nor oppose, what thou dost
not understand.

WILLIAM PENN

TO the living and affirmative mind difficulties and unintelligibilities are as dross, which successively rises to the surface, and dims the splendour of ascertained and perceived truth, but which is cast away, time after time, until the molten silver remains unsullied; but the negative mind is lead, and, when all its formations of dross are skimmed away, nothing remains.

COVENTRY PATMORE

IT'S a Coal from God's Altar must kindle our Fire : And without Fire, true Fire, no acceptable Sacrifice. . . .

Let us chuse, therefore, to commune where there is the warmest Sense of Religion ; where Devotion exceeds Formality, and Practice most corresponds with Profession ; and where there is at least as much Charity as Zeal : For where this Society is to be found, there shall we find the Church of God. . . .

The Humble, Meek, Merciful, Just, Pious, and Devout Souls, are everywhere of one Religion ; and when Death has taken off the Mask, they will know one another, tho' the divers Liveries they wear here makes them Strangers.

WILLIAM PENN

“**A**S to what you may think of my beliefs I have no fear; they need not be discussed and they cannot be attacked.”

“——But your church has its dogmas.”

“There is not a dogma of my church that I have ever thought of for a moment—or of any other church.”

“How can you remain in your church without either believing or disbelieving its dogmas?”

“My church is the altar of Christ and the House of God,” replied Gabriella simply. “And so is any other church.”

“And you believe in *them all*?” he asked in wondering admiration.

“I believe in them all.”

JAMES LANE ALLEN

“WHAT you are now saying,” I suggested, “seems to imply the existence of two original and almost equal powers. It sounds very like Manichæism.”

“So,” returned he quietly, “I have been sometimes told, but the days for me are long past (if indeed for me they ever existed) when a word or name could alarm me. I have learned to hold with Newman, that one of the surest marks of a living faith is its disregard of consequences, and among all Butler’s deep sayings, there are no words which I endorse more fully than those in which he bids us know, that if a truth be once established *objections* are nothing—the one being founded on our knowledge, the other on our ignorance.”

DORA GREENWELL

THIS is the way of Salvation—to look thoroughly into everything and see what it really is, alike in matter and in cause ; with your whole heart to do what is just and say what is true : and one thing more, to find life's fruition in heaping good on good so close that not a chink is left between.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

NEITHER the commentator nor the student must forget that the materials of all religious thought and feeling lie in our own consciousness and moral reason, and that we are not warranted in adopting any theory of religion until we have succeeded in reconciling it with that light which God has placed within us.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN

WHEN the state which the theologians call "Perfection" is attained, and life is from good to truth instead of from truth to good, the connection between truths ceases to be an intellectual necessity. Not only the "earth," or mass of related knowledge, but "the multitude of the isles is thine." Every discerned good is assured truth and safe land, whether its subaqueous connection with the main continent is demonstrable or not. "Love and do what you like." "Habitual grace" knows how to suck the baits off the hooks of the Devil, and can take up adders without being bitten.

COVENTRY PATMORE

WHEN the deepest foundations of all the religions of the world have been laid free and restored, who knows but that those very foundations may serve once more, like the catacombs, or like the crypts beneath our old cathedrals, as a place of refuge for those who, to whatever creed they belong, long for something better, purer, older and truer than what they can find in the statutable sacrifices, services, and sermons of the days in which their lot on earth has been cast; some who have learnt to put away childish things, call them genealogies, legends, miracles or oracles, but who cannot part with the childlike faith of their heart.

Though leaving much behind of what is worshipped or preached in Hindu temples, in Buddhist viharas, in Mohammedan mosques, in Jewish synagogues, and Christian churches, each believer may bring down with him into that quiet crypt what he values most—his own pearl of great price:—

The Hindu his innate disbelief in this world, his unhesitating belief in another world;

The Buddhist his perception of an eternal law, his submission to it, his gentleness, his pity;

The Mohammedan, if nothing else, at least his sobriety;

The Jew his clinging, through good and evil days, to the One God, who loveth righteousness and whose name is "I Am";

The Christian, that which is better than all, if

those who doubt it would only try it—our love of God, call Him what you like, the infinite, the invisible, the immortal, the father, the highest Self, above all, and through all, and in all,—manifested in our love of man, our love of the living, our love of the dead, our living and undying love.

That crypt, though as yet but small and dark, is visited even now by those few who shun the noise of many voices, the glare of many lights, the conflict of many opinions. Who knows but that in time it will grow wider and brighter, and that the Crypt of the Past may become the Church of the Future?

MAX MÜLLER

THIS World is a Form ; our Bodies are Forms :
and no visible Acts of Devotion can be without Forms. But yet the less Form in religion the better, since God is a Spirit : For the more mental our Worship, the more adequate to the Nature of God ; the more silent the more suitable to the Language of a Spirit.

WILLIAM PENN

BE not discouraged, Academicus; Take the following Advice, and then you may go to Church without any Danger of a mere Lip-labour or Hypocrisy, although there should be an Hymn, or a Psalm, or a Prayer, whose Language is higher than that of your own Heart. Do this: Go to the Church, as the Publican went into the Temple; stand inwardly in the Spirit of your Mind, in that Form which he outwardly expressed, when he cast down his Eyes, smote upon his Breast, and could only say, God be merciful to me a Sinner! Stand unchangeably (at least in your Desire) in this Form and State of Heart: it will sanctify every Petition that comes out of your Mouth; and when anything is read, or sung, or prayed, that is more exalted and fervent than your Heart is, if you make this an Occasion of a further sinking down in the Spirit of the Publican, you will then be helped, and highly blessed, by those Prayers and Praises which seem only to fit and to belong to, a better heart than yours.

WILLIAM LAW

THE first feeling that we have on entering a church is one of peace and repose. The world is in such a hurry, and is moving, as some people tell us, so much faster than formerly, that we seem to want a few minutes of rest, an occasional breathing time before we go hence. We desire to be with God as we believe that we shall hereafter be with Him. Here, at any rate, the strife of tongues is hushed, the strain of mind is taken off, the cares of life are no longer immediately present to us: "There is a great calm." Here we pause for a moment in our journey that we may proceed refreshed. Here we are raised above the mean thoughts of mankind; we hear the words of the saints and prophets of old; we live for a short time in the nearer companionship of God and of another world; we pass in review the last day or two, and ask ourselves whether we are doing enough for others; we seek to realise in our minds a higher standard of duty and character. Here are revived in us those aspirations after another and better state of being, which in good men are always returning and are never completely satisfied, but which, like wings, bear us up on the sea of life, and prevent our sinking into the routine of custom which prevails around us. Here we resign ourselves to the pure thought, to the pure will, to the pure mind, which is the truer part of our own souls, and in which and through which we see God.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

SOME shrink from those outward and sacramental acts, which our Lord uses to reach the carnal and defiled, with the honest but mistaken notion that such forms are unworthy of the Lord, and a degradation to Him, if not also to those to whom He offers them. True souls yet err thus. Some things they think too low for Christ—too carnal for a spiritual Lord, and for disciples who are called by Him to be spiritual. So do even some of Christ's truest disciples stumble at the humiliation of the Eternal Word, when He yet comes in sacramental forms, which are perhaps His greatest humiliation. But the Lord's grace is not turned aside by His servants' mistake. He yet stoops to the rejected form, saying, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Let but His Spirit so fill us that we do His works—for it is only like that understands like, and then we too shall see how such stoopings to carnal men are not carnal, but most godlike, and therefore most spiritual.

ANDREW JUKES

THE sense of duty, the love of truth, the desire to do good to all men, are not inseparably connected with the habit of going to church. Yet a man may also make a noble use of the opportunities of public worship. They may deepen his nature and character; they may strengthen and steady him. They may draw him towards others and prevent his becoming isolated. They may enable him to resist the temptations of evil, to get rid of levity and egotism. They may teach him to know himself, they may lead him to think seriously of life; they may enable him to preserve consistency, when other men are going backwards and forwards from one pole of religious belief to another; they are the natural balance of the amusements and excitements of youth, when the pulse beats quickly and the heart is eager, and the sorrows of life have not yet been felt. There is nothing in this which is necessarily formal or unreal or constrained. He who does not under some hasty misconception lay aside the habits of religion, as many in the present day seem apt to do, will find that they are in no way inconsistent with the love of truth. And he will learn, as years go on, that truth does not consist in a series of abstract propositions, or in systems of philosophy, or discoveries about facts of science or history, but that of truth too there is a higher and more living image in the perfection of human nature, the likeness of God in Christ.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

THE man of perfect knowledge should not
unsettle the foolish whose knowledge is
imperfect.

Bhagavad Gîtâ

CHRI**S**T is the Rest of the Gospel (as He is also the Holy Land): believing is the entering into this rest; here is His Sabbath, and the keeping of it. Keep in the faith, the Gospel Rest is kept. I do not make void the law by faith, or through publishing the ministry of the Spirit, but establish it in its ministration in the Spirit to the disciples of Christ; who, keeping to the Spirit, cannot transgress the righteousness of it, though they may there learn not to esteem one day above another but to esteem every day, no days having ever had real holiness in them one above another; but only a figurative or representative, which the substance Christ and His Gospel swallows up; for as His day dawns, those things which were the shadow of it fly away.

ISAAC PENINGTON

THE blindest faith may haply save ;
 The Lord accepts the things we have ;
 And reverence, howso'er it strays,
 May find at last the shining ways.

They needs must grope who cannot see,
 The blade before the ear must be ;
 As ye are feeling I have felt,
 And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

But now, beyond the things of sense,
 Beyond occasions and events,
 I know, through God's exceeding grace,
 Release from form and time and place.

The outward symbols disappear
 From him whose inward sight is clear ;
 And small must be the choice of days
 To him who fills them all with praise !

Keep while you need it, brothers mine,
 With honest zeal your Christmas sign ;
 But judge not him who every morn
 Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born.

From *The Mystic's Christmas*—

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THERE are four sorts of men who are concerned with order, laws and customs. Some keep them neither for God's sake nor to serve their own ends but from constraint. . . . The second sort obey for the sake of reward: these are men who know nothing beside, or better than laws and precepts, and imagine that by keeping them they may obtain the Kingdom of Heaven and Eternal Life, and not otherwise; and him who practiseth many ordinances they think to be holy, and him who omitteth any tittle of them they think to be lost. Such men are very much in earnest, and give great diligence to the work, and yet they find it a weariness. The third sort are wicked, false-hearted men, who dream and declare that they are perfect and need no ordinances, and make a mock of them.

The fourth are those who are enlightened with the True Light, who do not practise these things for reward, for they neither look nor desire to get anything thereby, but all that they do is from love alone. And these are not so anxious and eager to accomplish much and with all speed as the second sort, but rather seek to do things in peace and good leisure; and if some not weighty matter be neglected, they do not therefore think themselves lost, for they know very well that order and fitness are better than disorder, and therefore they choose to walk orderly, yet know at the same time that their salvation hangeth not thereon. Therefore they are not in so great anxiety as the others.

Theologia Germanica

IT seems to me that real liberty consists in obeying God in all things, and in following the light which points out our duty, and the grace which guides us; taking as our rule of life the intention to please God in all things; not only always to do what is acceptable to Him, but if possible what is *most* acceptable; not trifling with petty distinctions between sins great and small, imperfections and faults,—for although it may be very true that there are such distinctions, they should have no weight with a soul which is determined to refuse nothing it possesses to God. It is in this sense that the Apostle says, “The law is not made for a righteous man:”—a burdensome, hard, threatening law, one might almost say a tyrannical, enslaving law; but there is a higher law which rises above all this, and leads him into the true “liberty of sons,”—the law which makes him always strive to do that which is most pleasing to his Heavenly Father, in the spirit of those beautiful words of St. Augustine: “Love and do what thou wilt.”

FÉNELON

AH! children, if man knew how so to tend his vine, that God's sun might shine in on and vivify his soul, what sweet, excellent, delicious fruit would the eternal sun draw forth from him! For the lovely sun shines with all its fulness into him, and works within these precious clusters, and makes them flourish in sweetness and beauty. . . .

Now after that the vine has been well pruned, and its stem cleared of all weeds, the glorious sun shineth yet more brightly, and casteth his heat on the precious clusters, and these grow more and more transparent, and the sweetness begins to disclose itself more and more. And to such a man as we have described, all means of communication between God and his soul begin after a time to grow so transparent that the rays and glances of the divine sun reach him without ceasing, that is, as often and as soon as he turns himself towards them in feeling and thought. This divine sun shines much more brightly than all the suns in the firmament ever shone; and in its light all the man's ways, and works and doings are so changed into its image, that he feels nothing to be so true as God, with a certainty that is rooted in the very midst of his being, yet it is far above the sphere of his reason, and which he can never fully express, for it is too deep and too high above all human reason to be explored and understood.

After this the vinedresser loves to strip off the leaves, that thus the sun may have nothing to hinder its rays from pouring on the grapes. In like

manner do all means of grace fall away from this man, such as images of the saints, teachings, holy exercises, set prayers, and the like. Yet let none cast these things aside before they fall away of themselves through divine grace.

JOHN TAULER

THERE is a secret place of rest
God's saints alone may know ;
Thou shalt not find it east nor west,
Though seeking to and fro.
A cell where Jesus is the door,
His love the only key :
Who enter will go out no more,
But there with Jesus be.
From *The Inner Life*

HAST thou a cunning instrument of play,
'Tis well ; but see thou keep it bright,
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
Be ready day and night.
For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall
say :—

“These Virginals are apt” ; and try a note,
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,
That men shall stand to listen on the way,
And all the room with heavenly music float.

T. E. BROWN

WE must use special caution in speaking to others of those hidden consolations with which Almighty God hath been pleased to refresh our souls. Even as that mellifluous Doctor—St. Bernard—was wont to advise every one to have these words in large letters written in his room, “MY SECRET TO MYSELF.”

SAN PEDRO DE ALCANTARA

IF this world's friends might see but once
 What some poor man may often feel,
 Glory and gold and crowns and thrones,
 They soon would quit, and learn to kneel.

Dear, secret Greenness! nurst below
 Tempests and winds and winter nights,
 Vex not, that but One sees thee grow :
 That One made all these lesser lights.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb :
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
 Till the white-winged Reapers come.

HENRY VAUGHAN

“**BEHOLD** now how much He loved thee.”
 Come hither and gaze into the heart of thy Lord. If thou hadst the eyes of an eagle, here is whereon to gaze; nay, even these could not enable thee to see in its intensity the burning flame of love which dwelt in His most holy soul. They bound His hands with ropes, but understand thou that it was *within* that He was bound—bound by the meshes of mighty love, as immeasurably stronger than those ropes as chains of iron are beyond threads of flax. . . .

If with quiet thinking of these things the Lord do give thee tears and compassion and other devout affections of mind, thou art to accept them *under this condition* . . . that no exterior signs, no outward show, is made of what thou hast felt within.

JUAN DE AVILA

AN idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.

Love wakes men, once a life-time each
They lift their heavy heads and look ;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.

And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget : but, either way,
That, and the Child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.

COVENTRY PATMORE

TO FANCY

I AM here for thee,
 Art thou there for me?
 Or, traitress to my watchful heart,
 Dost thou from rock and wave depart,
 And from the desolate sea?

I am here for thee,
 Art thou there for me?
 Or, Fancy, with thy wondrous smile
 Wilt thou no more my eyes beguile
 Betwixt the clouds and sea?

I am here for thee,
 Art thou there for me?
 Spirit of brightness, shy and sweet!
 My eyes thy glimmering robe would meet
 Above the glimmering sea.

My little skill,
 My passionate will,
 Are here: where art thou? Spirit, bow
 From darkening cloud thy heavenly brow,
 Ere sinks the ebbing sea.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

ONLY—but this is rare—

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafened ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what we would,
 we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
 And then he thinks he knows
 The hills where his life rose,
 And the sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THEN comes the happy moment : not a stir
 In any tree, no portent in the sky :
 The morn doth neither hasten nor defer,
 The morrow hath no name to call it by,
 But life and joy are one,—we know not why,—
 As though our very blood long breathless lain
 Had tasted of the breath of God again.

And having tasted it I speak of it,
 And praise him thinking how I trembled then
 When his touch strengthened me, as now I sit
 In wonder, reaching out beyond my ken,
 Reaching to turn the day back, and my pen
 Urging to tell a tale which told would seem
 The witless phantasy of them that dream.

But O most blessèd truth, for truth thou art,
 Abide thou with me till my life shall end.
 Divinity hath surely touched my heart ;
 I have possessed more joy than earth can lend :
 I may attain what time shall never spend.
 Only let not my duller days destroy
 The memory of thy witness and my joy.

ROBERT BRIDGES

TOO eager I must not be to understand.

How should the work the Master goes about
Fit the vague sketch my compasses have planned?
I am His house—for Him to go in and out.
He builds me now—and if I cannot see
At any time what He is doing with me,
'Tis He that makes the house for me too grand.

The house is not for me, it is for Him;
His royal thoughts require many a stair,
Many a tower, many an outlook fair,
Of which I have no thought and need no care.
Where I am most perplexed, it may be there
Thou mak'st a secret chamber, holy-dim,
Where Thou wilt come to help my deepest prayer.

GEORGE MACDONALD

OH! Sir, would you know the Blessing of all Blessings, it is this God of Love dwelling in your Soul, and killing every Root of Bitterness, which is the Pain and Torment of every earthly selfish Love. For all Wants are satisfied, all Disorders of Nature are removed, no Life is any longer a Burden, every Day is a day of Peace, everything you meet becomes a Help to you, because everything you see or do is all done in the sweet gentle Element of Love. For as Love has no By-Ends, wills nothing but its own Increase, so everything is as Oil to its Flame; it must have that which it wills, and cannot be disappointed, because everything naturally helps it to live in its own Way, and to bring forth its own Work. For the Wrath of an Enemy, the Treachery of a Friend, and every other Evil, only helps the Spirit of Love to be more triumphant, to live its own Life and find all its own Blessings in a higher degree.

WILLIAM LAW

I SAID "I will find God," and forth I went
To seek Him in the clearness of the sky,
But over me stood unendurably
Only a pitiless, sapphire firmament
Ringing the world, blank splendour ; yet intent
Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
An ocean marge weed-strewn and foam-besprént ;
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
And very vacant was the long, blue sea ;
But in the evening as I sat alone,
My window open to the vanishing day,
Dear God ! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

EDWARD DOWDEN

THE VOICE OF THE DIVINE
PURSUER

“ALL which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou mightst seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home.
Rise, clasp My hand and come.”

Halts by me that footfall :
Is my gloom; after all,
Shade of His hand outstretched caressingly ?
“ Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest !
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.”

FRANCIS THOMPSON

WHEN a man hath tasted that which is perfect as far as is possible in this present time, all created things and even himself become as nought to him. . . . And then there beginneth in him a true inward life, wherein from henceforward, God Himself dwelleth in the man, so that nothing is left in him but what is God's or of God, and nothing is left which taketh anything unto itself. And thus God Himself, that is the One Eternal Perfectness, alone is, liveth, knoweth, worketh, loveth, willeth, doeth and refraineth in the man. And thus, of a truth, it should be, and where it is not so, the man hath yet far to travel, and things are not altogether right with him. . . .

Now on this wise we should attain unto a true inward life. And what then further would happen to the soul, or would be revealed unto her, and what her life would be henceforward, none can declare or guess. For it is that which hath never been uttered by man's lips, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Theologia Germanica

IF length of Days be thy Portion, make it not thy Expectation. Reckon not upon long Life : think every day the last, and live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his Expectation lives many Lives, and will scarce complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a Shadow ; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them ; be like a neighbour unto the Grave, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this Life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it. And if any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Extasy, Exolution, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow, according to Mystical Theology, they have already had an Handsome Anticipation of Heaven ; the World is in a manner over, and the Earth in ashes unto them.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

THE ODOUR

HOW sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*

As Amber-greese leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:

So do these words a sweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, *My Master*.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My servant were a little so!

GEORGE HERBERT

It is said of George Herbert that "he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde, *My Master* "

WHAT can there be so close as *making* and
made?

Nought twinned can be so near ; Thou art more
nigh

To me, my God, than is this thinking *I*

To that I mean when *I* by me is said ;

Thou art more near me, than is my ready will

Near to my love, though both one place do fill ;—

Yet, till we are one,—Ah me ! the long *until* !

Then shall my heart behold Thee everywhere.

The vision rises of a speechless thing,

A perfectness of bliss beyond compare !

A time when I nor breathe nor think nor move,

But I do breathe and think and feel Thy love,

The soul of all the songs the saints do sing !—

And life dies out in bliss, to come again in prayer.

GEORGE MACDONALD

HE who is in the Fire, and He who is in the Heart, and He who is in the Sun, are all One and the Same, and he who knows this becomes one with the One.

From the *Maitrâyaṇa Upanishad*

THEN within my soul
Awoke a harmony that blent the whole
Of life—can death do more, shall death do less?
O soul of my past life! the bitterness
Of thy past pain hurts not the thing I am
In this deep hour; the senses cannot cram
The spirit with fresh food for memories;
No object now to eye or ear can rise,
And so the spirit settles into peace
Self-drawn, or drawn from Him who makes to
cease
All trouble, and the inmost spirit bids
Consist in peace; who nightly seals our lids
For this, and gives us timely hours like those,
When even the heart the spirit's calm o'erflows.
With whitest robes, whenever death shall come,
Shall both his hands be filled. We travel home.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

TUNE me, O Lord, into one harmony
With Thee, one full responsive vibrant
chord;
Unto Thy praise all love and melody
Tune me, O Lord.

Thus need I flee nor death, nor fire nor sword:
A little while these be, then cease to be,
And sent by Thee not these should be abhorred.

Devil and world, gird me with strength to flee,
To flee the flesh, and arm me with Thy word:
As Thy Heart is to my heart, unto Thee
Tune me, O Lord.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

O FATHER, Thou art my eternity.
Not on the clasp of consciousness—on Thee
My life depends ; and I can well afford
All to forget, so Thou remember, Lord.
In Thee I rest ; in sleep Thou dost me fold ;
In Thee I labour ; still in Thee, grow old ;
And dying, shall I not in Thee, my Life, be bold ?
GEORGE MACDONALD

IN sickness, when we are hanging between life and death, and physicians are watching over us and noting the symptoms hour by hour, we can do nothing better than lie still and see the salvation of the Lord. Whether our prayer is "O spare me that I may recover strength," or "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," we are ready to leave the event with God. It is our duty, if we can, to recover; and it is our best hope of recovery to be patient and to cast our burden upon the Lord. We must keep the mind above the body; and if during weary days and nights the very distractions of mind and body seem to be lost in a dull sense of pain and misery, still, beyond and above that, there may be some light shining upon us, some voice speaking to us from afar, some inward peace that cannot be shaken. . . .

The time of illness may be the time in which we are apparently the most useless, and yet may be a time in which our own character undergoes the greatest change. And the memory of some illnesses has been, not only in the mind of the sufferer but of others who have been the witnesses of them, the best recollection of their lives, the image of Christ crucified brought home to them in the face of a child or of a parent, to which they have turned again and again in times of sorrow and temptation.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

THERE is threefold oneness with the One;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
Wherewith God's galley ever onward strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavour,
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

T. E. BROWN

O PAIN, Love's mystery,
Close next of kin
To joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite,
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin,
Angel, whom even they that will pursue
Pleasure with hell's whole gust
Find that they must
Perversely woo,
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
And bright'nest my dull view,
Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
And my roused spirit is
Another fire of bliss,
Wherein I learn
Feelingly how the pangful purging fire
Shall furiously burn
With joy, not only of assured desire,
But also present joy
Of seeing life's corruption, stain by stain,
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
Of luxury, sloth, and hate
Evaporate ;
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,
The mirror of God's smile.

COVENTRY PATMORE

THE mystery of innocent suffering—of the “groaning of creation”—must indeed always be hidden from our eyes, but for ourselves cannot we believe that each hour of the body’s pain or the heart’s desolation is a page in the lesson-book which the dear Master places in His children’s hands, and that we shall find this lesson even here to have been just what we needed for the comforting of others? And if so, may we not also believe that when we are “about our Father’s business” in His House, sent forth to lay healing hands on the wound of the world, we shall be the better equipped for this holy service by every pain of the body we have laid aside, every mood of heart-break or despondency passed through in our mortal day?

Thoughts of a Tertiary

NOT yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Where thou with grass and rivers and the
breeze,

And the bright face of day, thy dalliance hadst ;
Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds ;
Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices ; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.
Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve entwined ;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done !
A bond at birth is forged ; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality it grows—
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth :
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.
Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonoured, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered : whether soon
Or late she fall ; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
Grown old in order and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours :
Each is with service pregnant ; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I CANNOT tell why this day I am ill :
But I am well because it is Thy will—
Which is to make me pure and right like Thee.
Not yet I need escape—'tis bearable
Because Thou knowest. And when harder things
Shall rise and gather, and overshadow me,
I shall have comfort in Thy strengthenings.

GEORGE MACDONALD

HONOUR a physician with the honour due unto
him . . . for the Lord hath created him.
Ecclesiasticus

TO A GREAT AND GOOD
PHYSICIAN

THE grace of God upon thee, may'st thou feel
The shortened slumber and the hasty meal
Refresh thee as a Sacrament ;—thy sense
Be quickened into rapture more intense
Because thy joys are fewer ;—and the green
Valleys be fairer because far between ;
The first white flashing of a swallow's wing,
Glimpses of pear-trees between walls in spring,
The morning air from new-mown fields in June,
The water-lilies on a Sabbath noon,
The solemn river-sunsets through the smoke,
The first reviving smile from eyes awoke
Out of Death's shadow unto life again,—
Be sweeter unto thee than other men.

And because mortal sorrow needs must fall
On all men, and the highest most of all,
And some sharp struggle crowns each perfecting,
And that our lower love no shield can bring
Between thee and the higher Love to stand,
That strikes for Love's own sake unfaltering,—
Therefore when thou too stretchest out thy hand
For help, when thy need cometh, doubt or pain,
Or loss, or other anguish of this earth,
And though we died for thee our death were vain,
And though we gave all it were nothing worth,
And of the many thousands whom thy face
Hath comforted, can none return the grace,

Being less than thee,—may the one Higher One
Do to thee even as thou to us hast done,
O Soother of our sorrows ! May'st thou see,
Steadfastly gazing towards Eternity,
The heavens opened, and at God's right hand,
With the same smile as once, thy Master stand ;—
Nor only so, but come down from His place,
And stand beside thee, and His arms embrace,
Nor ever let thy hand go, holding fast,
Till all the tyranny be overpast.

H. E. HAMILTON KING

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
 When I have sung my little song—
 How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
 The valley and the hill along ;
 How sweet the summons, “Come away,”
 That calls me from the busy throng !

I thought beside the water’s flow
 Awhile to lie beneath the leaves,
 I thought in Autumn’s harvest glow
 To rest my head upon the sheaves ;
 But, lo ! methinks the day was brief
 And cloudy ; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
 I bring, and yet accepted, free,
 And blest, my Lord, I come to Thee.

What matter now for promise lost,
 Through blast of Spring or Summer rains !
 What matter now for purpose crost,
 For broken hopes and wasted pains ;
 What if the olive little yields,
 What if the grape be blighted ? Thine
 The corn upon a thousand fields,
 Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor ; Oh blest
 In poverty beloved to be !
 Less lowly is my choice confess’d,
 I love the rich in loving Thee !

My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign ;
I come to Thee with empty hands,
The surer to be filled from Thine.

DORA GREENWELL

MY BIRTHDAY

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year ;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell ;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well !

Love watches o'er my quiet days,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air ;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer :

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air ;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SO, at the last shall come old age,
Decrepit as befits that stage;
How else wouldst thou retire apart
With the hoarded memories of thy heart
And gather all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind?
Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last,
When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their frame-work roll,
Gladly fronts for once thy soul.
And then as, 'mid the dark a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes,
Then——

ROBERT BROWNING

IN this age the noble Soul renders itself unto God, and awaits the end of this life with much desire; and to itself it seems that it goes out from the Inn to return home to the Father's mansion; to itself it seems to have come to the end of a long journey and to have reached the City; to itself it seems to have crossed the wide sea and to have returned into the port.

DANTE

DO not think
 That good and wise will ever be allowed,
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
 As shall divide them wholly from the stir
 Of hopeful nature. Rightly it is said
 That man descends into the VALE of years ;
 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
 As of a final EMINENCE ; . . .
 A throne, that may be likened unto his,
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
 Down from a mountain-top,—say one of those
 High peaks, that bound the vale where now we are.
 Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
 With all the shapes over their surface spread ;
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things
 Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
 Yea, almost on the Mind herself, and seems
 All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice
 Of waters, with invigorated peal
 From the full river in the vale below,
 Ascending !

.
 And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age
 In like removal, tranquil though severe,
 We are not so removed for utter loss ;
 But for some favour, suited to our need ?
 What more than that the severing should confer
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

FAR off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our Autumn boughs, unflown with Spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll ;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath
made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER

“The fourth part of their life
Weds them again to God.”

BY this the text intends to show what the Noble Soul does in the last age, that is, in Extreme Old Age, that it returns to God as to that port or haven whence it departed when it issued forth to enter into the sea of this life, and that it blesses the voyage which it has made, because it has been upright, straight and good, and without the bitterness of storm and tempest.

And here it is to be known that, even as Tully says in that book On Old Age, the natural death is, as it were, a port or haven to us after our long voyage and a place of rest. And the Virtuous Man who dies thus is like the good mariner; for, as he approaches the port or haven, he strikes his sails, and gently, with feeble steering, enters port. Even thus we ought to strike the sails of our worldly affairs, and turn to God with all our heart and mind, so that one may come into that haven with all sweetness and peace.

And in this we have from our own proper nature a great and gentle lesson, for in such a death as this there is no pain nor bitterness, but even as a ripe apple breaks easily and without violence from its branch, so our Soul separates itself without sorrow from the body wherein it has dwelt.

DANTE

SO, Age thou dealest us
To the elements: but no! Resume thy pride,
O man, that musest thus.
Be to the end what thou hast been before:
The ancient joy shall wrap thee still—the tide
Return upon the shore.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

O BLEST seclusion ! when the mind admits
The law of duty ; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her choice ;
When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed ;
When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
In sober plenty ; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unreprieved enjoyment ; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flow'r scents
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
And chambers of transgression now forlorn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE PROSPECT OF DEATH IN
OLD AGE

I FULLY understand that age and infirmity make you look at death from a much more serious point of view than when you only contemplated it as an afar-off thing. The vague, distant prospect which comes from time to time during a busy life, amid many distractions, is but as a dream; but death becomes a very different and far more real matter when you contemplate it in solitude and in old age. It costs one little to accept it from afar and generally, but to give one's self up deliberately, with a calm gaze on approaching death, is a much greater struggle. Nature must shrink from the bitter cup, but let the inner being say with our Dear Lord: "Nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

FÉNELON

MY PSALM

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;—
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WHO, if he is honest towards himself, could say that the religion of his manhood was the same as that of his childhood, or the religion of his old age the same as the religion of his manhood? It is easy to deceive ourselves and to say that the most perfect faith is a childlike faith. But before we can learn that, we have first to learn another lesson, namely, to put away childish things. There is the same glow about the setting sun as there is about the rising sun ; but there lies between the two a whole world, a journey through the whole sky, and over the whole earth.

MAX MÜLLER

THE Goal in sight ! Look up and sing,
 Set faces full against the light,
 Welcome with rapturous welcoming
 The Goal in sight.

Let be the left, let be the right :
 Straight forward make your footsteps ring
 A loud alarum thro' the night.

Death hunts you, yea, but reft of sting ;
 Your bed is green, your shroud is white :
 Hail ! Life and Death and all that bring
 The Goal in sight.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

A PRAYER

Lilied whiteness shone upon
Not by light of moon or sun.

Haply, thus by Thee renewed,
In Thy borrowed goodness good,
Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim, æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in Thee,
And to them in Thee allied
Shall my soul be satisfied.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

DEPART (saith Nature) out of this world, even as you came into it. The same way you came from death to life, return without passion or amazement, from life to death : your death is but a piece of the world's order, and but a parcel of the world's life.

MICHEL, SIEUR DE MONTAIGNE

HOW then stands the case? Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed, thou art come to land, go out, if to another life, there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere. If all life and sense shall cease, then shalt thou cease also to be subject to either pains, or pleasures; and to serve and tend this vile Cottage; so much the viler by how much that which ministers unto it doth excel; the one being a rational substance and a spirit, the other nothing but earth and corruption.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

WE persist in walking by sight and esteeming this existence Life, and the end of this existence Death; whereas, rightly viewed, this existence is but a stage in mortality, and so-called Death a step onwards to the fulness of immortality. Each one of us is, as it were, a limb of God, with the potentiality of perfection, and gradually, through the experience of multiform error, to be developed into the full exercise of spontaneous and joyous activity.

R. W. CORBET

SPEND your brief moment according to nature's law, and serenely greet the journey's end, as an olive falls when it is ripe, blessing the branch that bare it, and giving thanks to the tree that gave it life.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

NOT only the change which we call death, but probably the whole of this our mortal life, is only a slow and difficult and painful birth into a higher existence ; the very breath we draw is part of the travail of creation towards a yet but partially fulfilled aim.

DORA GREENWELL

DEATH is no less essential to us than to live, or to be born. In flying death, thou fliest thyself; thy essence is equally parted into these two, life and death. It is no small reproach to a Christian, whose faith is in immortality, and the blessedness of another life, to fear death much, which is the necessary passage thereunto.

SIR HENRY VANE

(quoted in Penn's *No Cross No Crown*)

THE soul of a philosopher will consider that it is the office of philosophy to set her free. She will know that she must not give herself up once more to the bondage of pleasure and pain, from which philosophy is releasing her, and, like Penelope, do a work, only to undo it continually, weaving instead of unweaving her web.

She gains for herself peace from these things, and follows reason and ever abides in it, contemplating what is true and divine and real, and fostered by them. So she thinks that she should live in this life, and when she dies she believes that she will go to what is akin to and like herself, and be released from human ills. A soul, Simmias and Cebes, that has been so nurtured, and so trained, will never fear lest she should be torn in pieces at her departure from the body, and blown away by the winds, and vanish, and utterly cease to exist.

SOCRATES

NOW methinks I hear death say of life, as John Baptist said of Christ, "He that cometh after me is before me." O sweet word, Life, the best Monosyllable in the world, God's own attribute! *Deus vivit* (God liveth); and "my soul," saith Job, "shall live, for my Redeemer liveth."

And is this life but the child of death? Then blessed also be the word Death, the mother of life; I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi; for thou art not bitter, but sweet; more pleasant, though swifter in thy gait than the Roe or Hind.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

SHALL we believe that the soul, which is invisible, and which goes hence to a place that is like herself, glorious, and pure and invisible, to Hades, which is rightly called the unseen world, to dwell with the good and wise God, whither, if it be the will of God, my soul too must shortly go;—shall we believe that the soul, whose nature is so glorious and pure, and invisible, is blown away by the winds and perishes as soon as she leaves the body, as the world says? Nay, dear Cebes and Simmias, it is not so. I will tell you what happens to a soul which is pure at her departure, and in her life has had no intercourse that she could avoid with the body, but has shunned it, and gathered herself into herself, for such has been her constant study:—and that only means that she has loved wisdom rightly, and has truly practised how to die. Is not this the practice of death?

Yes, certainly.

Does not the soul, then, which is in that state, go away to the invisible that is like herself, and to the divine, and the immortal, and the wise, where she is released from error, and folly, and fear, and fierce passions, and all the other evils that fall to the lot of men, and is happy, and for the rest of time lives in very truth with the gods? Shall we affirm this, Cebes?

Yes, certainly, said Cebes.

SOCRATES

LIVE holily, and you shall die happily.
Live as though there were no Gospel; but die
as though there were no law.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
 peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,

234 THE GATE OF LIFE

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING

DEATH being the Way and condition of Life,
we cannot love to live if we cannot bear
to die.

I have often wondered at the unaccountableness
of man in this, among other things; that tho' he
loves Changes so well, he should care so little to
hear or think of his last, great, and best Change
too, if he pleases.

The truest end of Life, is, to know the Life
that never ends.

He that lives to live ever, never fears dying.

Nor can the Means be terrible to him that
heartily believes the End.

For tho' Death be a Dark Passage, it leads to
Immortality, and that's Recompense enough for
Suffering of it.

WILLIAM PENN

YESTER eve, Death came, and knocked at
my thin door.

I from my window looked : the thing I saw,
The shape uncouth, I had not seen before.
I was disturbed—with fear in sooth, not awe ;
Wherefore ashamed, I instantly did rouse
My will to seek Thee—only to fear the more :
Alas ! I could not find Thee in the house.

I was like Peter when he began to sink,
To Thee a new prayer therefore I have got—
That, when Death comes in earnest to my door,
Thou wouldst Thyself go, when the latch doth
clink,
And lead him to my room, up to my cot ;
Then hold Thy child's hand, hold and leave him
not,
Till Death has done with him for evermore.

GEORGE MACDONALD

IT is strange how pagan many of us are in our beliefs. True, the funeral libations have made way for the comfortable bakemeats; still, to the large majority, Death is Pluto, king of the dark Unknown whence no traveller returns, rather than Azrael, brother and friend, lord of this mansion of life. Strange how men shun him as he waits in the shadow, watching our puny straining after immortality, sending his comrade sleep to prepare us for himself. When the hour strikes he comes—very gently—very tenderly, if we will but have it so—folds the tired hands together, takes the way-worn feet in his broad strong palm; and lifting us in his wonderful arms he bears us swiftly down the valley and across the waters of Remembrance.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS

AS in the greatest extremities good Physicians leave drugs, and minister only cordials; so deal by thy soul when death approaches: lay thee down and sleep in peace; cast away all worldly cares; entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body and refresh thy thirsty soul, as did that dew of Hermon, falling upon the Hill of Sion.

When sickness undresses man for death, then Job's *scio* (I know), and Saint Paul's *cupio* (I desire) are the words of sweetest comfort.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

THEN when the last guest steps to my side ;
—May it be summer, the windows wide,—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid ;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land,
Then the slumber, how good to sleep
Under the grass where the shadows creep,
Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept
hill !

I shall have my will !

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

SUFFER us not for any pains of Death to fall from Thee.

From Thee indeed we cannot fall, but from that knowledge of Thee to which Thy Spirit has led us. Suffer us not to fall, through the extremity of bodily anguish, to any unrighteous or cringing thought of Thee, any lower thought than we have had in our sweetest hours of communion on summer mornings when all was well.

So let us, abiding in the old confidence, stand upright at Thy Door, O Lord and Lover of our souls, looking for the Face long desired, the Face of Uttermost Love.

From Thoughts of a Tertiary

BEAR in thy sickness all along the same thoughts, propositions and discourses concerning thy person, thy Life and Death, thy Soul and religion, which thou hadst in the best days of thy health, and when thou didst discourse wisely concerning things spiritual.

For it is to be supposed (and if it be not yet done, let this rule remind thee of it and direct thee,) that thou hast cast about in thy health, and considered concerning thy change and the evil day, that thou must be sick and die, that thou must need a comforter, and that it was certain thou shouldst fall into a state in which all the cords of thy anchor should be stretched, and the very rock and foundation of Faith should be attempted; and whatsoever fancies may disturb you, or whatsoever weaknesses may invade you, yet consider, when you were better able to judge and govern the accidents of your life, you concluded it necessary to trust in God, and possess your souls in patience.

Think of things as they think that stand by you, and as you did when you stood by others; that it is a blessed thing to be patient; that a quietness of spirit hath a certain reward, that still there is infinite truth and reality in the promises of the Gospel; that still thou art in the care of God, in the condition of a Son, and working out thy salvation with labour and pain, with fear and trembling.

JEREMY TAYLOR

IN Thee, therefore, Lord God, I put all my hope and refuge, on Thee I repose all my tribulation and anguish : for I find all to be infirm and unstable whatever I behold out of Thee.

For neither will many friends avail me, nor strong helpers bring me succour, nor wise counsellors give an useful answer, nor books of learned men console me, nor all precious substance set me free, nor any secret and pleasant place keep me safe, if Thou Thyself stand not by me, help not, strengthen, cheer, teach and keep me.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

SPEAK, Father—in the awful stillness speak,
 Speak human-wise to one so human-weak ;
 For if I look above, the sky is dumb,
 Or to the nearer earth, there is but hum
 Of other souls as freighted with the sense
 Of their despair, of Thine omnipotence,
Beyond, Beyond.

Thou canst content the nestling in the nest ;
 Or if disquietude be Thy behest,
 Teach me to see those beacon lights afar,
 Where the Amens of mortal longings are !
 So to keep constant watch, nor find my soul
 Turning for ever to some new-found goal
Beyond, Beyond.

Find it I cannot. Lead me through the dark !
 Suffer the outstretched Angel of the Ark,
 Close at the end, to lean o'er me and say :
 "He whom thou seekest is Himself the Way !
 Dimly through earth fogs thou hast sought Him—
see
 How on the other side He waits for thee
Beyond, Beyond ! "

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER

ALL the while I lived, said a good man, I was on my journey, *in via* (in my way), but not *in patria* (in my country) ; but now that I am dying, I find myself near home : I am come to Mount Sion ; I will not therefore sit down on this side Jordan, but hasten to the heavenly Jerusalem ; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face ; hear my Saviour say, *Euge bone serve* ; it is My Father's will to give thee a kingdom.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

HE who remembereth Me at the time of the end, being freed from the body, he, going forth, entereth into My being; there is no doubt of that.

Bhagavad Gîtâ

THE grave is but a withdrawing room, to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleep. And when it is time to rise, "then shall I be satisfied," saith the Prophet David.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my house of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place :

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,

And flows for ever through heaven's green expan-
sions

The river of Thy Peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ABBA, in Thine eternal years
Bethink Thee of our fleeting day ;
From all the rapture of our eyes and ears
How shall we tear ourselves away ?
At night my little one says nay,
With prayers implores, entreats with tears,
For ten more flying minutes' play :
How shall we tear ourselves away ?

Yet call, and I'll surrender
The flower of soul and sense,
Life's passion and its splendour,
In quick obedience.

If not without the blameless human tears
By eyes which slowly glaze and darken shed,
Yet without questionings or fears
For those I leave behind when I am dead.
Thou, Abba, know'st how dear
My little child's poor playthings are to her ;

Yet when she stands between my knees
To kiss good-night, she does not sob in sorrow,
"Oh, father, do not break or injure these."
She knows that I shall fondly lay them by
For happiness to-morrow ;
So leaves them trustfully.

And shall not I ?

Whatever darkness gather
O'er coverlet or pall,
Since Thou art Abba, Father,
Why should I fear at all ?

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest,
My child's head nestles to my breast ;
And how my arm her little form enfolds,
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone ;
And how she holds
My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own ?

A little easeful sighing,
And restful turning round,
And I, too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

WILLIAM CANTON

BLESS and sanctify my soul with Thy heavenly blessing, that it may be made Thy holy habitation and the seat of Thy eternal glory: and in what Thou hast deigned to make Thy temple, let nothing be found which may offend the eyes of Thy majesty.

According to the greatness of Thy goodness and the multitude of Thy mercies, look down upon me, and give ear to the prayer of Thy poor servant, banished far from Thee in the region of the shadow of death.

Protect and keep the soul of Thy poor servant amidst so many perils of this corruptible life, and direct him with the fellowship of Thy grace through the path of peace to the country of everlasting light. Amen.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

THE CALL OF CHRISTIANA

NOW while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the celestial city, with matters of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the Pilgrim. So enquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter; the contents were, "Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings, that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days." . . .

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart the guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. . . .

Then said Mr. Honest, "I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod." But she answered, "Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there, to sit down and rest me, and dry me." . . .

So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say, were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee."

JOHN BUNYAN

A DEATH-BED

WE waited at the heavenly gate,
As those who watch for morning wait
The faithful dawn to see :
A thin cloud veiled it from our view,
But it was close at hand, we knew,
With Him who has the key.

He was beside us, strong and true,
His patient, perfect work to do,
His words of grace to say ;
And on the bed He came to bless,
The shadow of His loveliness
In tranquil outline lay.

Through mortal pain, from change to change,
A hallowed way that was not strange
With Him our loved one went ;
While from His breast, with resting eyes,
She watched the light of love arise
On all the griefs He sent.

We saw the gate unclose at last,
And through the opening, as she passed,
A gleam of glory came ;
It set its seal upon her face—
It filled her sad, forsaken place
With one triumphant Name.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING

LAST WORDS OF JACOB BEHMEN

“OPEN the door and let in more of that music,”
the dying man said to his weeping son.

Behmen was already hearing the harpers harping with their harps. He was already taking his part in the song they sing in Heaven to Him who loved them and washed them from their sins in His own blood. And now said the blessed Behmen, “I go to-day to be with my Redeemer and my King in Paradise,” and so died.

From *Jacob Behmen : an Appreciation*, by
ALEXANDER WHYTE

LAST WORDS OF SAN PEDRO DE
ALCANTARA

PEDRO died in the Convent of Mount Areno. It is said that the hour of his death was revealed to him so that he was able to announce it to those around him.

He received the Holy Sacraments of the Church, and breathed his last devoutly kneeling, and repeating with holy joy the words of the Psalmist :

“I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord.”

Spanish Mystics

DEATH OF BEDE

HE passed the day joyfully, till the shadows of the evening began to fall, and then the boy who was writing down his translation of St. John said, "Dear Master, there is yet one sentence to be written." He answered, "Write it quickly." Soon after the boy said, "The sentence is finished now." "Thou hast well said it is finished! Raise my head in thy hands; for I want to be facing the holy place where I was wont to pray, and as I lie to call upon my Father."

And so he lay on the pavement of his little cell, singing, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." And when he named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last, and so departed to the Heavenly Kingdom.

St. Cuthbert's account of the death of Bede,
taken from *The Little Lives of the Saints* by
P. DEARMER

THE LAST DAYS OF ST. FRANCIS

THE leech saith unto him : " Brother, by the grace of God it shall be well with thee." The Blessed Francis said unto him : " Tell me the truth. How seemeth it unto thee ? Fear not to tell me, seeing that by the grace of God no craven am I that I should fear death, for by the grace of the Holy Ghost that worketh with me, I am so made one with my Lord that to live or die I am equally content."

The leech therefore said unto him : " Manifestly, father, by all rules of our leech-craft thine infirmity is incurable, and I do believe that either at the end of September or on the fourth of the Nones of October thou wilt die." Then the Blessed Francis lying back in his bed with great devoutness and reverence spread out his hands toward the Lord, and with much cheerfulness of mind and body said : " Welcome, my Sister Death !" . . .

Then the Blessed Francis, albeit that he was weighed down by his infirmities beyond his wont, yet did seem nevertheless to put on new gladness of mind, hearing that Sister Death was so close at hand, and with great fervency of spirit gave praise unto the Lord, and said unto the brother : " Forasmuch as that and it please the Lord I am so soon to die, call brother Angelo and brother Leo unto me that they may sing to me of Sister Death."

When those two had come into his presence, full of grief and sadness with many tears they chanted

the "Song of Brother Sun and of the other creatures of the Lord" that the holy man had made. And at that time before the last verse of the canticle he added certain verses as concerning Sister Death, saying:

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Sister Death, the death of the body, from whom no man living may escape, but woe unto them that shall die in deadly sin, and blessed be they that shall walk according to Thy most holy will, for unto them shall the second death do no hurt!

From the *Speculum Perfectionis*, translated by
SEBASTIAN EVANS

THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS

HE desired to take a last meal with his disciples. Some bread was brought, he broke it and gave it to them, and there in the poor cabin of the Portiuncula, without altar and without a priest, was celebrated the Lord's Supper. A Brother read the Gospel for Holy Thursday: "Before the feast of the Passover, Jesus knowing that His hour was come to go from this world unto the Father, having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

The sun was gilding the crests of the mountains with his last rays, there was silence around the dying one. All was ready. The angel of death might come. On Saturday, October 3, 1226, at nightfall, without pain, he breathed the last sigh.

Life of St. Francis—PAUL SABATIER

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done
before ?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore :
And having done that, Thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

JOHN DONNE

HOLD Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me *feel* that Thou art near,
Hold Thou my hands.

If e'er by doubts
Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands.

Hold Thou my hands,
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight,
Hold Thou my hands.

And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands.

WILLIAM CANTON

LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH

“ I HAVE not sought Thee, I have not found
Thee,

I have not thirsted for Thee :
And now cold billows of death surround me,
Buffeting billows of death astound me,—
Wilt Thou look upon, wilt Thou see
Thy perishing me ? ”

“ Yea, I have sought thee, yea, I have found thee,
Yea, I have thirsted for thee,
Yea, long ago with love's bands I bound thee :
Now the Everlasting Arms surround thee,—
Through death's darkness I look and see
And clasp thee to Me.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

"DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA"

I N the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow
dim,

And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the life-long aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

ANON.

PRAY for me, O my friends ; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before ;
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers !—'tis
he ! . . .

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord ! Thou my sole Refuge,
Thou,)

And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came :

This is it that has come to pass in me :
O horror ! this it is, my dearest, this ;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength
to pray.

From *The Dream of Gerontius*—
CARDINAL NEWMAN

ANOTHER body!—Oh, new limbs are ready,
Free, pure, instinct with soul through every
nerve,
Kept for us in the treasures of God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE DESERTED HOUSE

COME away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—

A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.

Would they could have stayed with us !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

IF in this life holiness maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart, what shall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely though it be not deified, yet shall it be purified, or perfected and immortalised. Our vile bodies shall be changed and fashioned like His glorious body. Such glory have all His saints.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

I SOMETIMES think my Heaven may be
A green place, with an orchard tree,
And one sweet Angel, known to me.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER

THE JUDGEMENT

IT is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain.

The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee,
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight,
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest sharpest purgatory.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

WE know not when, we know not where,
We know not what that world will be ;
But this we know : it will be fair
To see.

With heart athirst and thirsty face
We know and know not what shall be :
Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of His grace,
Beyond all prayers our hope can pray,
One day to see Him face to Face,
One day.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

ALMIGHTY Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal, ever blessed, gracious God,
To me, the least of saints, to me allow
That I may keep a door in Paradise,
That I may keep even the smallest door,
The furthest door, the darkest, coldest door,
The door that is least used, the stiffest door,
If so it be but in Thine house, O God,
If so it be that I can see Thy glory
Even afar, and hear Thy voice, O God,
And know that I am with Thee—Thee, O God.

W. MUIR, founded on a doubtful couplet by
ST. COLUMBA

LASTLY, Death brings me where I would be : into my own country, into Paradise, where I shall meet, not as in the Elysium of the Poets, Catones, Scipiones, and Scævolas : but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Patriarchs my fathers, the Saints my brothers, the Angels my friends : my wife, children and kinsfolk that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate as Saint Paul saith : we are met in Mount Sion, the City of the living God, and the celestial Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels ; where things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that fear God.

Therefore I will say, Lord, when shall I come and appear before Thee ? Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks so pants my soul for Thee, O God : I had rather be a doorkeeper in Thy house than dwell here, though in chambers of pleasure.

HENRY MONTAGUE, EARL OF MANCHESTER

I SHALL be satisfied when I awake.
Book of Psalms

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